

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XLVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, CHRISTMAS, 1914.

NO. 13.

The Shepherds' Peace.

BY WALTER L. CLEMENTS.

Dramatis Personae.

DANIEL, a shepherd.

BENJAMIN, his friend and

OTHER SHEPHERDS

SCENE I.—A hill overlooking stable of Bethlehem. Shepherds guarding flocks. Daniel and Benjamin conversing apart.

BENJAMIN.

'Tis past the second watch, the flocks are calm,
And such a won'rous night I have not seen.
Yonder celestial orbs like lamps of Angels
Now guide with love the darkened ways of men.

DANIEL.

Yes, heaven bends down nearer this old world
To place upon her brow a kiss of peace.

BEN.

Behold our village 'mong the ancient hills
Like a bright ruby set in emerald.
I wonder if the crowd that throng our inns
Feel such security of mind as we?

DAN.

A tavern keeper told me yesterday
That Caesar is at peace with all the world.

BEN.

'Tis strange, for seldom does the might of Rome
Shut up the temple of her two-faced god.
But peace or war, for my part I've such joy
Of heart that I could pipe my shepherd's lute
Among the tumbling towers of Jericho.

DAN.

And yet, one care weighs heavy on my heart,
And this it is that clouds my quiet watch.
I know you'll think it ill that this affair
Should e'er intrude upon my peacefulness;
But I shall tell you as you are my friend
Trusted and tried in keeping secrets close.
Down in the village dwells a noble maid,
Companion to my early childhood days.
The comradeship that I partook with her
Unconsciously as riper years increased
Grew to a not-to-be-forgotten love.
But I've been profligate with what I earned

I'd make her mine in wedlock's sacred vow,
But know not how to save for future times.
I would not have the woman whom I love
Endure the stings of penury for me.

BEN.

Why not begin to save your earnings now?
And if she loves you much, she'll wait the time.

DAN.

Ah, yes, but pressed by many suitors' vows,
Her father says that I must take her soon
Or else relinquish every hope of love.
In truth I know not what a man should do—
But look—what wondrous light illumines the sky!

BEN.

Tell us, ye watchmen of the night, what can
this mean?

SHEPHERDS ALL.

Behold a miracle is wrought.

BEN.

Not since the time when God led forth His tribes
Through burning deserts to the Promised Land,
By day and night alternately a cloud
And fiery pillar guiding them through gloom,
Has such a wonder in the sky appeared.

SHEPHERDS.

Notice it hovers near the ancient cave.

Let's kneel and pray the Lord what this thing means.

(Voices singing.)

Shepherds, all your fears allay,
Christ, the Savior comes to-day;
Go, pay homage to the King
Ye that can a clean heart bring.
Tell Him all your cares and troubles;
They shall fade like empty bubbles.

He has come your souls to win
 From the deadly thrall of sin.
 Haste and join the Choirs that sing
 Endless praises to the King.

SHEPHERDS.

A King they say has come to us. Who can it be?

DAN.

They bade us go and worship Him.
 Let us obey.

SHEPHERD.

By such a radiant throng
 Caesar himself could not be heralded.

BEN.

They said we'd find our King in yonder cave
 Beneath the star that brightens all the sky.

DAN.

Then let us to our royal master hie.

(*Exeunt Shepherds.*)

SCENE II.

Same as Scene I. Near morning.

BEN.

I thought that we should see a mighty king
 Wearing a jeweled crown and clothed in garments
 More regal than the robes of Solomon,
 A look of awe upon his kingly front,
 A golden scepter in his royal hands,
 A voice of thunder made to give command;
 And yet that Babe that slumbered in the crib
 Has more impressed me than a thousand kings.

SHEPHERD.

Since man was born of woman never has
 There been such ecstasy of mother love

As we have had the grace to see to-night.

DAN.

The old man gazed in silent wonderment
 And smiled when we paid homage to the Babe.

BEN.

Prophets of old have spoken of the Messiah,
 Whom men shall reverence as more than man.
 The time is ripe. The world is waiting for Him.
 Though we are shepherds ignorant and poor
 We keep a secret nations seek to know.

DAN.

Methinks I'm not so stupid as I was
 Not many hours ago when I told you
 Of poverty that kept me from my love.
 Since then I've seen a King bedded in straw.
 The old man had no place to take the two
 Save a dark stall made for dumb animals,
 Yet supernatural fires illumine the place.
 Our sheep were more provided for than they,
 And yet such joy I've never seen before.
 The problem I proposed is solved for me.
 I'll dare to do and trust in Providence.

BEN.

Already has the Saviour's reign begun
 Within our hearts where wrongs are set aright.

(*The dawn approaches.*)

DAN.

See how a beauteous blush steals o'er the east,
 Because the eager sun approaches nigh.

BEN.

Was ever mortal blessed with such a morn
 That dawns to greet the Promised One earth born?

(*Curtain.*)

First Christmas in America.

BY B. V.

IN the year 1492, the first celebration of Christmas on the Western Hemisphere took place. Christopher Columbus and his crew were about to land on the shores of Haiti when one of their ships, the Santa Maria, ran upon a rock and was wrecked. The sailors would certainly have perished had it not been for the kindness of the natives of the island. They sent out rude boats to rescue Columbus and his men, and were successful in bringing all of them safely to land. This happened on Christmas Eve. The Indians pitied the unfortunate Spaniards and lodged them in their huts for the night. Not satisfied with

these kindnesses toward the great discoverer and his followers, the Indian chief caused a great banquet to be held on Christmas Day and to it he cordially invited the famous navigator and his brave sailors. To honor his guests still more, the chief made his principal warriors act as servants on the occasion.

A Contrast.

Herod was clothed in purple and in gold
 Who had usurped the Saviour's shining throne,
 Jesus, the lawful heir, in a dim cave
 Was left to reign unhonored and alone.

The Second Coming.

AS Mary laid her Child
In the cold winter wild
Upon the straw;
All heaven seemed to glow
And angels bending low
Adored in awe.

The shepherds left their herds,
Beckoned by angels' words:
 Him they adored.
Out of their simple souls
Like spotless mystic bowls
 Their love was poured.

And so to-day the priest
On the sweet Saviour's feast
 Gives us for food:
The Infant that was born
On that first Christmas morn—
 His flesh and blood.

And angels softly sing,
Afar the echoes ring,
 How sweet the voice!
"Christ lives in every heart,
Let Sorrow swift depart,
 Come and rejoice."

P. D. Q.

Ted of Barker's Flats.

BY MARK L. DUNCAN.

WE'VE simply got to raise that other twenty-five thousand," declared one of the fellows.

"And we can't waste a minute," exclaimed the other. "Why, Armstrong will go mad if we don't get it. But Burke was a brick to give you twenty-five thousand dollars!"

The two young men boarded a passing car. They represented a money-hunting crew and knew that the money must be secured in some unusual manner of begging. Their philanthropy was centred upon a somewhat unknown charity—efficient but small. The Armstrong Society had sprung up from the friendly interest a certain George Armstrong had manifested in a few boys. In the course of development of this friendly interest he encouraged them to help needy boys, and the plan had so prospered that ultimately a wider range of work devolved upon the society, and its mission became recognized in the district where its efforts

had chiefly been centred. Robert Burke was the first influential factor to notice its worth, and he donated twenty-five thousand dollars on the condition that the society raise the other twenty-five thousand by Christmas day, all the funds to be expended upon the erection of a building which would facilitate the carrying on of this social service.

Four thousand dollars remained to be raised. The boys had worked valiantly for the money, but had found it harder to raise than they had anticipated. Everybody seemed to have a place for his extra coins, and although all sympathized in the work of the society, the contributions were of small proportions. Even the spirit of Christmas did not seem to have the effect that the name betokens. Peace and good-will toward men were limited by reason of business negotiations. Christmas is most significant of the true spirit of giving, but somehow the boys who were boosting for the Armstrong Society found it hard to get the funds. They did not give up. It was the afternoon of the day before Christmas.

Barker's Flats occupied a corner lot in Chicago's tenement district. Barker had had no idea of planning them to be convenient for his tenants; systems of model flat-building did not bother him in the least. All he wanted was to get as many separate apartments into the big structure as was possible, and he had succeeded in using every available square foot of space. The tenants were people who got their pleasures from standing on a high back porch decorated with a clothes-line hung with muddy garments, and screeching to the neighbor of a similar back porch. The screech was necessary because of the horrible racket of the elevated train which came so close to these air-porches as to cause the new tenant to fear for his life every time a train approached.

Mrs. Hardy and her son, Ted, lived in No. 13, Barker's Flats. She had the muddy washing and the high-pitched voice characteristic of these modern cave dwellers. This was Saturday and the day before Christmas. The name meant little to her now, and the spirit, less. Ted Hardy was twelve years old, but he had spent most of his crippled life in an invalid's chair. Had it not been for his interest in drawing he might have been the most despondent creature in Barker's Flats. But he drew pictures

of everything and everybody. He bordered all the stray newspapers and magazines, and drew upon the backs of the cracked plates and saucers. His talent had suddenly budded forth from its latency, but had little chance of developing amidst such surroundings.

Through one of the Armstrong Society, whose members ferreted out all sorts of cases, Ted had been discovered. He was an interesting chap despite the fact that most of his life had been spent in the Flats. The Armstrong Society interested him. He was anxious to know what the world was doing, and gradually came to realize that his own world was very small. He entered into the society's campaign for money as many a livelier boy would not have done. It meant so much to him. Upon a better grade of drawing paper which the Armstrong representatives gave him he drew little sketches of the simple scenes that he could see from his window in the kitchen as he sat all day in his chair—simple scenes because of their familiarity to him, but yet made grand from the very thought that they were to be given to the Society as a means of raising funds for the new building. For what had not the boys promised him if they got their building? A Merry Christmas it would be if they raised the funds. He would be taken to their home and treated by specialists. And what was more important, he would be given art lessons—it would not cost him or his mother a penny. And then he could become a famous artist—a cartoonist, perhaps, on one of the great city newspapers.

His Christmas spirit was bigger and nobler than that of the thousands who spend their money lavishly upon unappreciated gifts. His was the true Christmas spirit limited as was his knowledge of the real importance of the day. With pencil in hand and an unfinished drawing on his lap he fell into a reverie despite the awful distraction outside. His thoughts wandered dreamily to the Armstrong Society—to Jim and Fred who had promised to come to see him Christmas Eve—to the—but an awful rapping at the door dispelled his reverie.

"Come in," piped Ted.

The door squeaked and opened.

"Well, where's your mother?" thundered the awful voice of the big man who entered.

"She's down to the grocery, Mr. Barker," replied Ted, half-frightened, for he knew what Barker's visit meant. He always sent

his agent unless the rent was much past due. Ted feared what the consequences might be. He had a mental image of himself and his mother spending their Christmas day in the streets, cast out of Barker's Flats.

"Well, it's time she was here, bawled Barker, and sat down heavily in a chair which almost gave way under his tremendous weight. Both remained silent for quite a while, the monotony broken only by Mr. Barker's heavy breathing, for climbing the steps of his Flats had required much effort.

"Are you going to have a nice Christmas?" ventured Ted.

"Me? A nice Christmas? What do I want with a nice Christmas?" shouted Barker.

Ted was cowed and resolved to keep quiet unless addressed by the landlord, who was beginning to stamp his feet in impatience. Suddenly he glanced at Ted's lap.

"What's that?" he said, pointing to the pencil drawing which Ted had been working on before Barker's arrival.

"Just a picture," answered Ted.

"Let me see it," demanded Barker. "Oh," he added getting up, "I forgot you couldn't bring it to me."

He looked at it closely.

"H'm! who did this?" he asked.

"I did," replied Ted.

"You?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who taught you to draw?"

"I just know how."

"Never had any lessons?"

"No, sir."

"What do you do with your drawings?"

"I give them to Jim and Fred of the Armstrong Society."

"What kind of a society is that? I never heard of it."

Barker had struck the key which sounded Ted's volubility. His fear vanished and he burst forth into explanation.

"O Mr. Barker, haven't you ever heard of the Armstrong Society? I thought everybody knew about it. It's the most wonderful thing in the world. They help boys who can't help themselves. They buy clothes for boys who haven't any money. They go to their houses at night and give them lessons about all sorts of things. O Mr. Barker, they've been so good to me and have promised to give me lessons in drawing if they can raise their fund."

"What fund?" asked Barker, less gruffly and somewhat interested.

"O I forgot you didn't know about it. The Society has needed a home so badly and didn't have the money to get one. But a rich man gave them twenty-five thousand dollars if they could raise the same amount by tomorrow—Christmas day. O you don't know what all they do for boys!"

There was a knock at the door. It was Jim and Fred, the same two boys who had boarded the car down town.

"Hello, Ted," they cried out.

"O, hello boys. I knew you'd come; have you got all the fund?"

"No, Ted, we haven't," said Fred, "but we came to see you anyway for we had promised you we would come."

"How much do you lack?" queried Ted.

"About four thousand dollars," answered Jim.

Ted's happy expression disappeared. That much money was a big fortune to him, and unless they raised it, his hopes were blasted.

"But I've almost got another picture done," added Ted. "I can finish it for you in just a minute."

Mr. Barker hadn't been noticed. He moved on his chair uneasily. He was not in the habit of being so completely ignored.

"Boys, this is Mr. Barker," said Ted. "I've just been telling him about the society and the home and all. He didn't know anything about it."

"It's a big proposition you're tackling, young men," said Barker.

Ted had never seen him so civil.

"Yes, but it's worth all the work we put into it," answered Fred, "for we're doing big things. But we need the home badly and hope to have it from this campaign. It will be a Christmas gift the whole year round to everybody we can help."

Barker unbuttoned his overcoat, put on his spectacles, and went over to the table. He kept his back to the boys and then began bundling himself up to go outside. As he started toward the door he handed Fred a check. It called for enough money to more than cover the deficit for the fund.

"Good luck to you, boys," shouted Barker, "you've given me my first real Christmas!" He slammed the door before the boys could say a word.

The King.

A TREMBLING Babe upon a bed of straw
Robed in the purple splendor of the night,
Sweet strains of heavenly music e'er the dawn
Wafted by moonlight angels in their flight,
A virgin brow that o'er His cradle shone,
Two virgin arms that made His kingly throne.

Christmas in the Poets.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

THE old, old story of Christmastide is ever changing and ever new. Year after year there is the same vision of angels, the same shepherds kneeling at the Crib, the same poor dumb animals that were crowded out in the cold to give God room, the beauty hidden below all the poverty, and Heaven's simplicity in performing great things. And yet again and again the mystery seems shot with a new fire, new beauties are seen at every turning, new love and new humiliations in every detail. It must be this eternal newness and beauty of the Nativity that has held so great an attraction for the poets. Let us glance at a few of these Christmas poems.

Even as early as the thirteenth century in England, the religious feelings of the people sought expression in songs that, because of their joyousness, were known as carols. In the centuries gone by most of these have been lost, but how could this one but live?

As I rode out this endenes night
Of three jolly shepherds I saw a sight
And all about their fold a star shone bright
They sang *terli terlow*
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.
Down from heaven, from heaven so high
Of angels there came a great compayne
With mirth and joy and great solemnite
They sang *terli terlow*
So merrily the shepherds their pipes can blow.

Has our own age with all its treasures of poetry produced anything more delicately beautiful? Does not this old carol truly reflect the joyous, light-hearted spirit of Catholic Merrie Englande?

In Milton's "Hymn on the Morning of the Nativity" we meet a poem of a highly elevated and yet tender nature. Simply the poet begins:
It was the winter mild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapped in the rude manger lies.

Then the poem courses on:—Nature has hidden her deformities beneath a veil of snow; Peace reigns over all, and despite the coming dawn,

The stars in deep amaze
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze
Until the Lord bespake and bid them go.

The shepherds are startled by the angels' song and proclaim that "did it last" all sin and even hell itself would pass away. At length having announced the downfall of the pagan oracles, and after

The Virgin blest.
Hath laid her Babe to rest,

the sun goes down "curtained with cloudy red," the evening stars appear in the heavens and the hymn draws to a close:

Among the religious poets, Crashaw has also given us a number of rare lines in his "Song of the Shepherds."

Gloomy night embraced the place
Where the noble Infant lay,
The Babe looked up and showed His face—
In spite of darkness it was day.
It was Thy day, Sweet! and did rise
Not from the East but from Thine eyes.

Or this one that Francis Thompson so loved:

I saw the curled drops, soft and low
Come lowering o'er the place's head,
Offering their whitest sheets of snow
To furnish the fair Infant's bed.

Robert Southwell's "Burning Babe" is likewise a lyric of quaint beauty and deep, spiritual insight. On a frosty winter night the poet stands shivering in the snow when a vision is seen of the Babe of Bethlehem all enveloped in fire. The Infant explains that men's coldness of heart is the fuel for the flame that thus burns Him day and night; the fire is His love, and His "faultless breast the furnace." With a delicate touch of mysticism the Babe is represented as saying,

"As now on fire I am
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath
To wash them in My blood."

Then the apparition fades, and the piece ends as the poet

"calls into his mind
That it is Christmas day."

In our own times the wealth of real Christmas poetry has rather been multiplied than lessened. Among many, Father Tabb, Alice Meynell, and W. M. Letts, all have produced work that must be echoed again and again in every heart that loves Bethlehem.

Father Tabb's genius for condensation is peculiarly adapted to such a subject. A number of his Christmas poems are exquisitely beautiful and well deserve quotation, but the following ones are far too insistent to be disregarded. The first, "The Christ Child to the Christmas Lamb," is in its simplicity akin to the Infant and the lamb itself.

O Little Lamb,
Behold I am
So weak and small
That even Thou
Canst pity now
The God of all.

The other is called "Out of Bounds" and would appeal to any person whether he were six or sixty.

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home to-day
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in and get Him back His ball.

On turning to the poetry of Alice Meynell we find a real strength and refined delicacy. The work, happily, unlike that of many women writers, is singularly free from imperfection of form and obscurity of thought. Coventry Patmore characterized it as "the marriage of masculine force of insight with feminine grace and tact of expression." These qualities are splendidly exemplified in "Unto Us a Son is Given."

Given, not lent,
And not withdrawn—once sent—
This Infant of mankind, this One,
Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,
New-born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song
The ages long, the ages long.

The last stanza, too, is intense with subtle spirituality.

Sudden as sweet
Come the expected feet.
All joy is young and new all art,
And He, too, whom we have by heart.

Miss W. M. Letts, however, finds her inspiration in the Irish people, and with a wonderful depth of human sympathy rejoices in their joys and sorrows in their sorrowings. Of her late poems, the "Christmas Guest" is singularly fresh and beautiful:

If Mary came to the door to-night,—
In the bitter wind and the soaking rain,—
If she came to me in her sorry plight,
To plead as one woman pleads with another,

As mothers come in their needs to a mother;
If Mary came in the wind and rain,
She never should beg at my door in vain.

The closing stanza can not fail to grip the heart close.

If Mary came—the Mother of God,
The Rose of the World upon her breast;
it begins, and then full-hearted sweeps along,
Oh! I'd sweep the ashes and turn the sod,
And bring her new bread and cakes of my baking,
With the freshest butter, this morning's making.
Happy the home that could offer rest
To the new-born Child, Earth's Christmas Guest.

Here, certainly, is an authentic picture of the devotion of the Irish to Mary.

Probably one of the most exquisite Christmas poems in recent years is Joyce Kilmer's "Fourth Shepherd." It opens with the shepherds watching their flocks on the hillside:

On nights like this the huddled sheep
Are like white clouds upon the grass,
And merry herdsmen guard their sleep,
And chat and watch the big stars pass

One of the shepherds—the fourth one—is guilty of murder and his comrades have cast him off. In his remorse he wanders about aimlessly from place to place until by chance he meets Mary and Joseph turning from the inn. He leads them to his stable, and there in the night God is born. When the angels appear, the shepherd is again out on the hills with his sheep.

At dawn beside my drowsy flock
What wingéd music I have heard;
But now the clouds with singing rock
As if the sky were turning bird.

Is there anything in our modern poetry more beautiful? Is this not a faint revelation of the wonders of the language that as yet no ear hath heard nor eye seen? And then, too, the loveliness of this last, when the guilty one is forgiven:

O Whiteness, whiter than the fleece
Of new-washed sheep on April sod!
O Breath of Life, O Prince of Peace,
O Lamb of God, O Lamb of God.

So the poets have gone on, year after year, discovering new beauties in this great mystery, offering the Divine Child their verses like the gold and myrrh and frankincense that the Magi brought. And after all, is not a poet doing his real work when he writes on such a subject? Let critics assign him to a major or a minor class, it matters not; if he be a true poet he will see God, and where can we see Him better than at Bethlehem?

A Farewell.

GOOD-BYE, Old Year, the moonbeam's gentle rays
Fall softly on the silver of thy locks,
Within thine eyes the hope of other days
Flickers a faint farewell; the night wind mocks
Thy passing hours by screeching o'er the wild
And moaning in the caverns of the deep;
For soon the promised-year, a new-born child,
Will waken smiling from his natal sleep.
The young remain, the aged pass and die,
So fare thee well. Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye.

R. S.

The Spirit of Christmas.

BY B. EDMUND.

MANY festivals and celebrations take place yearly in every land, but it is certain, none are looked forward to so eagerly as Christmas.

The word Christmas signifies the Mass of Christ, for on Christmas Day nineteen hundred and fourteen years ago was born the Victim whose death was to free mankind from the tyranny of Satan. It is in grateful remembrance of this mercy that the Church celebrates the feast in so joyful and solemn a manner. On that day she allows her priests to say three Masses, one of which may be offered at midnight. Even at so early an hour, people eagerly hasten to the parish church and joyfully assist at it. With what sentiments of devotion and love are their souls filled at the sight of the "crib!" And when they receive the Infant Christ into their bosoms, how sweetly their heart-strings give forth the strains of "Adeste Fideles!" Oh! if it were always Christmas, then to such souls earth would not be earth but another Eden.

But at this season the human element also enters into our joy. Old feuds are forgotten; heart and hand are open to our fellowmen, and the spirit of charity binds all in the bond of a universal brotherhood. It is necessarily so, for true charity does not rest in God alone; it must also embrace all His rational creatures.

Naturally, too, the spirit of Christmas manifests itself in a variety of cherished and beautiful customs, many of which have come down to us from the dim ages of paganism. The custom of decorating our houses with holly and laurel and the fair mistletoe is

Druidic in its origin, as is also the burning of the Yule-log. The lighting of the Yule-log is peculiar to England, and, in ages past, had the dignity of the public celebration. But though some of these customs are of pagan origin, many are purely Christian. Among these we may take as a typical example the Christmas tree. Christian tradition seems to have cast a halo about some plants: flowers spring up on Christmas night, and trees are said to take on once more their summer clothing of blossoms. Although many stories of this kind are without foundation, it is a fact that in France there are some shrubs that do blossom in midwinter, while nobody properly informed doubts the flowering of the Glastonbury thorn in England. The flowers of this tree are seen to bloom year after year during the Christmas season. They are somewhat smaller than in summer and do not produce fruit. Legend has it that the tree springs from the staff Joseph of Arimathea planted there, when he came to England with the Holy Grail. Another beautiful custom that seems special to Ireland is the lighting of the Christmas candle. It is about two feet high, and is left to burn from the night of Christmas Eve until next morning. A peculiar but stable equilibrium is established by fixing the candle in a hole dug out of a large turnip. It is also well-known that the original Santa Claus, is no other than St. Nicholas, whose feast is celebrated early in December. In Holland and many parts of Germany St. Nicholas' Day is very popular with the children, even more so than Christmas, and on the eve of his feast they place their little wooden shoes near the fireplace to receive his gifts. If they find a rod instead of their usual toys and sweetmeats, it is a sign that the Saint has not been pleased with their behavior during the past year. Then again there is the custom of sending Christmas cards, Christmas boxes and the like. One and all originate in the spirit of piety, fraternal charity and joy that is so distinctive a mark of the season and without which Christmas would be but the mocking skeleton of what it really is.

On this day, how many hearts are made glad, how many sorrows forgotten! Though the wind be chill, and the sky leaden and dull, yet the sunshine of love and joy fills the soul. Indeed, the spirit is best expressed in the words: "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

His Mother.

If she had tarried at thy cottage door
And asked for rest,
Wouldst thou have welcomed her with cheerful heart
And made His nest?

If she had come to thee in dead of night
In strange disguise,
Wouldst thou have seen the light of love afame
Within her eyes?

If she shall come to-day—a troubled soul—
To ask thy aid,
O wilt thou soothe her weary, aching heart
Nor be afraid?

Should Old Acquaintance.

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

AS the shivering outpost ceased his restless passing to and fro, he brought his rifle to the port and looked straight ahead of him down the darkened road. Far away he heard distinctly, the beating of a horse's hoofs on the frozen ground. It was from the rear, however, so the picket stood calmly in the middle of the road awaiting the rider. He had not long to wait, for soon horse and rider emerged from the inky darkness, and halted a foot in front of him.

"Countersign!" demanded the picket promptly.

"Headquarters," came the reply. "Orders have been issued to cease firing all along the line. A two-day armistice has been declared. There are to be no exchange of shots between pickets to-night. You are to be on the alert, however, and to see that the road is kept clear. Fraternizing with the enemy is strictly forbidden. You understand?"

The picket's hand touched the visor of his cap.

"Is that all, sir?" he called after the rider, who had already begun to canter away. He asked the question more for the sake of breaking the monotony of his lonesome state than for the acquisition of further information.

The young aide, a mere boy, reined up his horse and turned around in the saddle.

"Yes," he answered, "except—a happy Christmas Eve to you, picket." Then he laughed at the absurdity of his words.

The outposts' hand again touched his cap, as he gruffly returned the greeting. The messenger immediately galloped off in the direction which he had come, leaving the region doubly desolate.

For a long time the lonesome warrior stood still, listening to the hoof-beats becoming fainter and fainter, until they finally died out altogether, leaving him alone with only darkness and the snow-covered ruin of what had once been the home of a prosperous farmer, for company. After gazing longingly for a while at the distant ridge of campfires that dotted the English lines, he resumed his fretful pacing backward and forward and kept a close watch on the road ahead of him. Suddenly, several hundred yards in front, a light flickered and grew, then another and another sprang up, until the whole bleak landscape was dotted with them. Standing still and breathless, the lonely soldier imagined that he could hear the cheerful crackling of burning logs. He dropped the butt of his rifle on the frozen ground and clapped his hands together to induce warmth, never taking his eyes from the lights ahead of him.

"The Dutch have got wind of the armistice, too," he thought to himself. "They're the boys who know how to enjoy themselves. It's just my bloomin' luck to be furthest outpost, without the chawnce for a warm, an' 'appy Christmas heve said 'is young lordship. I knows a spot in Bengal where I wasn't doin' polar explorin' lawst Christmas heve. There's my hidea of—"

His reminiscences were interrupted here by a sweet tenor voice that came from the German lines, echoing sweetly over the snow-covered countryside:

Stille nacht, heilige nacht
Alle schläft, einsam wacht!

"Wot a rotten lingo!" muttered Mr. Atkins, but he listened attentively nevertheless until the last sweet strain died away, when he felt lonelier than ever. Angered at having allowed his sentiments to run away with him in this fashion, he let out a whoop of derision which was intended more for the sake of hearing his own voice than for an insult. An answering shout came from the vicinity of the nearest campfire where a German picket also strode back and forth. After several minutes had passed, a huge trooper in Bavarian uniform

emerged from the darkness to the side of the road. The English outpost quickly raised his gun and covered the intruder.

"Ach! Nein! Nein!" cried a cheery voice. "I come to salute Caesar, not to bury him. It is cold, there is a truce. Come to our fire and smoke with us."

"Well of all the bloomin' nerve," cried Tommy. "We blokes are fightin' Dutchie, this ain't no week end party y'know and—" swelling with pride over his newly acquired phrase—"fraternizin' with the enemy is strictly forbidden."

But the German insisted: "Aber it is Wein nachten—Christmas," he said smiling. "We will sing to-night and fight to-morrow."

Tommy cast one glance behind him at the far distant lights, where his own companions were making merry. He knew that he would not be relieved by the guard for several hours.

"Why not?" he asked himself.

He looked ahead of him at the inviting blaze. His keen nostrils quivered when he smelled something cooking, it was a very faint odor, but it decided him. Slinging his rifle over his shoulder he followed the stranger, casting furtive glances behind him at every step. After several minutes walk, he stood in the midst of the enemy at the nearest fire.

Eight or ten other troopers were sitting on logs or on the ground, looking into the cheerful flames. There was a pan resting on the hot coals, and something in it that sizzled and gave forth the delicious odor of frying meat.

"See what I have brought you, my friends," cried Tommy's companion. "I have captured an Englishman, whose ransom shall be a song. He is of the Royal Bengalese, as I see by his dress. They fought us well at Tirlemont. Let us welcome a brave enemy."

Each of the loungers acknowledged the Englishman's presence with a nod and a smile. Tommy walked awkwardly up to the fire and took a seat on a log next to a strapping big Bavarian. He calmly lit his pipe and puffed away contentedly. Soon the pan was lifted from the fire and a mess of steaming hot sausage passed around on wooden chips, Tommy coming in for a liberal share. He attacked it vigorously, even swallowing the wrapping. The warmth of the fire had attracted him, but he had retained the cold dignity of the Briton, until after he had eaten. The sausage

won him completely, however, and when his entertainers called for a song he complied willingly and roared out several ballads of the cockney type, much to the amusement of his listeners. Finally the fire and the meal began to take effect, and he became sentimental. He began to sing "Annie Laurie" as only the British soldier can sing it.

A hush fell upon the merry group and every soldier listened attentively. Although the words, were strange to most of them, the sweet plaintive melody touched them deeply and made them big hearted men again. The singer ended the ballad and was shocked at the deep silence that ensued. Finally one of the Germans, Tommy's captor, spoke;

"It was that song the English sang the night before Tientsin, when we fought the Boxers."

Tommy turned to the speaker.

"Chinee campaign?" he inquired.

The German proudly displayed his service medal and Tommy did the same. Then they both grinned and turned reminiscent.

"I remember the Germans," said the Englishman. "There wasn't many of them but they did a day's work. You helped to save our hides when the Chinks cut us off from the coast. I was with Seymour's column, y'know."

"A gallant leader and brave command," commented the German, his eyes flashing. "We fought well together in the long weeks that followed."

"It was a fight for sure," replied Tommy, "but hof course nothin' to this scrap. We were fightin' 'eathens then, and now we're fightin' each other." Here he tried to laugh, but only succeeded in making a gruesome attempt at it. "It's a bloody mess, as Benny Greaves would say."

"Benny—?" said the German inquisitorily.

"Greaves," answered Tommy. "Bunkie of mine for ten years. Killed at the Ainse."

At this touch of nature, true to the proverb, his enemies became his kin. There was not one there who had not lost some relative or chum in the early days of the war. The silence again became unbearable.

"Had a letter from Benny's kid to-day, wishin' me Merry Christmas. She sent me her picture." Tommy opened his great coat and brought forth a soiled envelope, addressed in a large childish scrawl. He extracted from the envelope a cheap photo of a sweet-faced little

girl of about eight summers. Several hands were stretched forward to receive it, and it was passed around the group and closely examined by the flickering light of the fire. Tommy's sentimentality was infectious. The thoughts of everyone of his listeners flew back to homes in Bavaria, and dwelt fondly on some little flaxen-haired child left there to await the fortune of battle. There was much clearing of throats and another awkward silence.

"They know how to fight—the English," resumed the veteran.

"And the Dutch—Germans," answered the Englishman, not to be outdone in generosity.

A kindly, half-cynical smile spread over the German's face.

"It is strange, as you say," he mused. "We were soldiers of the same cause once. Shall we ever be so again?"

"Dunno," replied Tommy, rising hurriedly and glancing toward his vacant post. "Meanwhile"—a huge grin enveloped his cockney countenance—"fraternizin' with the enemy is strictly forbidden." I thank you kindly for the feed and warm." He buttoned his great coat, picked up his gun and started on his lonely walk.

The big Bavarian got up and walked quickly after him.

"The little *mädchen*," he said, "I wish her health and many joys. I shall look for her when we reach London." Here the German laughed merrily.

"All right," grinned Tommy. "She'll be ready to marry then."

"Leb Wohl!" called the sometime enemy.

"Orry more!" answered Tommy.

In a few minutes he was back once more at his lonely post, and the restless pacing to and fro, to wait for sunrise and the relief.

"You're a traitor to your country, me lad," he said to himself. "A bloomin' traitor. Ye've sold yer king fer a mess of sausage; but after all, I don't know who's the worse for it. Feed to-night and fight to-morrow," he went on philosophically. "So he was in China. We were bunkies once, and didn't know it." He paused here and fastened his eyes on the distant light where he had been a short time before. A sense of brotherhood thrilled him.

"Sometimes I think it's unnatural for us to be killin' each other this way," he murmured, "but that ain't for me to say."

Christmas Night.

OH wonderful and joy-bestowing night,
 As Bethlehem's shepherds huddled cold and still,
 An angel clothed in raiment shimmering white,
 Appeared and gave the message of good will.
 For guiding star they left their bleating herds
 And found enthroned, their court a lowly shed,
 The Blessed Queen with loving arms and words
 And King of kings with light-encircled head.
 Thus He had come Who was announced before,
 The Son of God, the hearts of men to stir,
 And finding, low they bowed Him to adore
 With gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh.
 And now the Christmas night has come again,
 The hearts of men with joy and love should fill;
 That there may be, as first was brought by Him,
 A peace on earth to all men of good will.

John Urban Riley.

Christmas Day.

BY B. WALTER

CHRIST'S nativity is for all of us the day of the whole year most eagerly anticipated. It has become a part and parcel of our American as well as of our Catholic life. It seems strange to us, then, to be told by historians that Christmas was not always celebrated on December 25, and even that during the first and second centuries of the Christian era it was not generally celebrated at all. Birthday celebrations were of pagan origin, and so the early Fathers of the Church looked with disfavor on all nativity festivals. Origen says that "sinners alone, not saints, celebrate their birthday."

Strange to say, the first evidence of the Christmas celebration comes from Egypt, the Egyptian theologians assigning May 20 as the date of Christ's birth. In fact almost every month of the year has at different times and places been assigned as the birth-month of Our Lord. January 6 was a favorite date for celebrating the feast after the custom had obtained a foothold in the Church. Uniformity, however, came only after the year A. D. 243, when Rome first began to celebrate the Nativity on December 25.

The personage of Santa Claus is not strictly an adjunct of the Christmas festival. The original and first real Santa Claus was of

course St. Nicholas, whose death is commemorated by the Church on December 6. He has long been held as a favorite saint by the children of all countries. His generosity, goodness and care for the little ones were responsible for his popularity, and as time went on the idea of the saint changed, until we now have the good-natured and generous old man so familiar in Christmas story and Yule-tide tale.

Christmas is one of the most universal of all the feasts. Wherever the light of the Gospel dispels the darkness of error and sin, there the gladness of the Christmas season is manifest. It is a feast particularly dear to Americans, notwithstanding the fact that many have little further relation with the Saviour whose birthday is to them an occasion of gladness and fraternal good will. The Pilgrim Fathers threatened to leave us without the inheritance of this happy season, for out of a narrow jealousy and prejudice they endeavored to abolish all memory of past traditions and to substitute Thanksgiving Day for the birthday of Our Lord. But happily the American heart was big enough to hold both festivities, and firm enough to override the prejudice of race and creed.

Notre Dame was blessed at a very early date with its first Christmas celebration. The intrepid Father Allouez was on this spot teaching the Pottawatomie Indians perhaps as early as 1675—at least his mission was firmly established by the year 1680. We may believe that this zealous Xavier of America on each recurring Christmas made glorious with the presence of the Divine Child that poor mission hut where in future ages would rise the more splendid towers of the shrine of Mary Immaculate.

Comfortress.

ONCE did I pray to thee,
 Bride of the Lily-King,
 In my sore misery,
 Begging that thou wouldest bring
 Him who is passion-free
 Into my soul.

Now my Love comes to me
 Borne on thy Virgin breast;
 Daily I visions see;
 Daily sweet Virtue's quest
 Lead me to Him and thee—
 Heaven's bright goal!

B. Walter.

A Parting.

IN other climes or near or far,
No matter where you go,
When burning Yule logs fill the night
With a soft silver glow,
When all the world seems full of love
And wrought with melody,
Look back across the fading years,
And you'll remember me.

Though you may live among the rich
And tread the golden way,
Where pleasures like the Autumn leaves
Lie scattered in your way,
When the white tide of Yule comes in
Across the surging sea,
An old sweet face will smile again
If you'll remember me.

'Tis lonely to have loved and lost,
But why should one be sad,
Who would have given twice the price
To know that you are glad?
The mist shall from my eyes depart,
My heart shall fill with glee,
If when this night comes round each year
You pause to think of me.

M. R.

The Hallowed Time.

BY GEORGE SCHUSTER.

IN those amiable dead days before silver-tongued diplomats had officially sanctioned grape-juice or the national beverage, and when a man could brew a cheerful bowl of punch without erecting an iron-barred club-house to protect himself from green-eyed suffragettes, Washington Irving of Knickerbocker fame accidentally rambled into an English gentleman's manor and discovered various relics of Yuletide jests and customs, which the world has been imitating ever since. His description opened the optics of that sentimental gentleman, Charles Dickens, to the fact that Christmas should be the best time ever, and inspired him to write "Christmas Carols" and "Cricket on the Hearth," till holiday hilarity became quite the fashion. It has remained so ever since, despite the fact that it doesn't always snow, that many of us take the pledge, and that all cannot have Yule-logs and poor relations, and ethereal Tiny

Tims. Yet, I am sure that everyone of us who is forced to listen to his prosaic radiator sizzle and to reflect upon the lugubrious anaemia of his wallet, is homesick for a some far-off, simple land where raging fires leap upon big, hospitable hearths and hearty men and women enjoy themselves simply and thoroughly.

'Twas Christmas Eve! Ah, that little phrase with its vision of a dim manger where the ox and the ass gazed stupidly upon the sweet little Boy that lay huddled upon their provender, has made many a heart tender with thought and joy. Correggio signed it beneath his fervid masterpiece; Dickens, Mérimée, Amerbach—who can count them all?—have prefixed it to those stories which make an easy-chair "a consummation devoutly to be wished;" Shakespeare, Scott, Browning, Longfellow, and the whole dear throng of them, have put it into ditties we all know by heart. Despite all our cool-smoke and Malthusian economics and Progressive politics we can't get it out of our heads. 'Twas Christmas Eve! The very sound makes us generous and happy and peaceful. It is not merely roast goose and plum pudding; it is the image of a little church in the snowdrifts, where the bells are always ringing, where there are little children singing round a crib. We all go to church on Christmas.

Yet there was a time when men strove to make it a plain, colorless day, and when they wellnigh succeeded. The grim Puritan whose spectacles were everlastingly fixed on the Penitential Psalms, could not for the life of him see why there should be any merriment on a church holiday. It smacked of Popish ceremony, of undue pagan merriment, of a disturbance of that ghostly, sombre quiet which the Lord had set aside for His especial observances. The Puritans were partly correct. When the Church had the say of things, Jesus celebrated His birthday. It was thought that everybody should rejoice and grow sentimental and generous upon seeing that helpless Infant who had come down to save them:

God bless ye, merry gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Soverain
Was born on Christmas Day.

One notable fact about this really Christian carol is that it calls a blessing upon "merry people." Had Milton, or some other Puritan, written it, the epithet would indubitably have

been "holy." There can be no doubt that the mediaeval, Catholic idea was to make men rejoice with God and His saints on holydays. Since it was impossible for sinful men to twang the heavenly lyre, they sought expression in song, in dramatic representation, even in the ancient Kirmess. The very Sacrifice of the Mass, properly considered, is a celebration—august, it is true, but joyous with robes and music and incense-vapor. It is quite evident therefore, that everything which the modern world still preserves of the glorious Christmas spirit is a legacy from that warm-hearted, human Church which has known the heart of man so long and so well.

Here in America we, whose forefathers gathered from every nation of the world, have incorporated into the festivities of the season little tokens from all the lands of our birth. We have our dinner which is essentially English; we have our trees which are the heirloom of the Teuton; we have our Santa for the children who is descended in direct lineage from Peter Stuyvesant. Above all, we have the carols which minstrels used to sing in the grim old Border castles; the hymns with which French troubadours warmed the Xmas wine; the little melody which the schoolmaster and the priest wrote out of their hearts when the snow lay thick on the roofs of their German village. Perhaps there is added to all this something distinctively American and audacious—a reckless lavish giving that sometimes wrecks itself out in impulsive, objectless charity.

It is sad to think, when reading the ballads, the chronicles and the stories of a more genial time, that so much of the festal joy and games and old-fashioned cordiality has been lost to the modern world. It is wonderful, however, to think, when considering the awful waves of puritanism, evolution and categorical imperative the earth has been forced to swim through, of how much true-hearted, genuine charity, love for children, and self-sacrifice have been left on our old planet. This year, naturally, a blight will rest on our happiness. For no sympathetic mind, no one that is really capable of entering into the Yuletide spirit, can help but think of the big, sputtering guns that will kill on Christmas Day. Especially true is this of us whose very ceremonies show how closely our lives are linked with the European fatherlands. We shall see a picture of ruined homes and empty houses, of bleak trees standing

in the silent snow and of great red pools of blood. Men will charge their enemies on Christ's Day, slay and be slain. Bayonets will be fixed, trenches dug and Red Cross surgeons kept dismally busy. And over it all there will be that sad, fruitless message which the angels sang to the shepherds nineteen hundred years ago: Ah, we cannot believe that Mary laid Him in the manger for naught. This war must be more than a greedy commercial conflict, more than a bloody expression of hate. We are certain that Europe is in the throes of a struggle for mighty ideals, for principles Christ bade her cherish against stain and corruption. We must believe that somewhere there is right and glory and truth.

It is well for us, then, in this most solemn hour of humanity's life, to reflect that the Church from whom we inherit our Yuletide, has intended it primarily as a festal commemoration of the Saviour's birth. It is well for us to go back to that stormy night in Bethlehem, when there was no room at the inn. For out in an unknown corner of an erring world, Mary the Virgin kissed her new-born Babe. He came simply, humbly, purely to save that world, which needed, still needs, simplicity and humility and purity. And the shepherds came to adore Him. It was love that brought them, human love for helplessness and homelessness. Let it be a similar love that brings us to His baby feet. When we are joyfully, cosily harbored in our fathers' houses, let us not forget that misery shivers as she walks the naked streets, that children cry for bread and raiment, that there are many for whom, too, there is no room at the inn. There is no doubt that we can still give Him a cup of water. Ah, then, in the possession of that Blessing whose coming made the Judean hills tremble with delight and welcome, let us not forget to alleviate the poverty and sadness and wrong of His brethren as best we can.

When the wassail bowl is filled, and the Yule songs are fervid and love and generosity light the eyes of all, then is the time to think of Mary and her Infant Son. When there is peaceful radiance on the hearth, when the breasts of all are lightened from their toil and sin and wrong, when the candles glow softly at the Midnight Mass, then it is that "Merry Christmas" is a phrase of heavenly significance and a red-cheeked greeting fresh from Paradise.

There Was no Room at the Inn.

TO-DAY I saw the lily Maid of old
Tread the hard stony way of long ago,
The hour was late, the wind was bitter cold,
And all the fields were glistening with snow.

No trumpet sounded on the midnight air,
No banners blazed the way to that lone cave;
The earth a soulful sorrow seemed to wear
Like one who weeps and watches by a grave.

But lo! sweet hope gleamed in the Maiden's eye
As she drew near to enter your cold heart—
I thought I heard a mother's sobbing cry
As you drew back and bade the Maid depart.

And so at every heart she pleads for rest,
But oft men answer her, "we have no place,
No room to make your little Babe a nest,
No room for the Redeemer of our race."

And through the night the lily Maid of old
Treads the hard way that long ago she trod;
And men have room for silver and for gold
But few can find a resting-place for God.

And so at last must come the judgment day,
The day of bitterness and heavy gloom,
When the Redeemer of mankind will say
"Ye cannot enter here. 'There is no room.'"

B. Roche.

The Passing of the Old Year.

BY RAY SUTTON.

DAY'S last red beam was smouldering in the sunken west, a star or two had already pierced the deepening blue, and the moon which had since early in the afternoon been hiding in the sky, appearing and disappearing like some shapeless spectre, was now beginning to take definite shape. It was a December night that is seen only now and then at long intervals. It was not what could be called cold, though the air had a crispness about it that made one feel it was not an autumn month, and the clear, frosty light as it poured over the sleeping fields gave everything an appearance of rare beauty.

As I paused near the gate of the city my notice was drawn to a crowd of people following after an old man who tottered unsteadily as he moved over the rough pavement. His face was wrinkled with the lines that time had drawn there, his hair was silver, and his long snowy beard, as it rested on his breast, made him look like some venerable figure that is so often seen in pictures and so seldom met with in real life. I moved nearer until I could distinctly hear the conversation of the people, and for a moment my blood almost congealed in my veins. A woman in tattered garb, with hair tangled and wild, and with bloody red

eyes was heaping maledictions upon the old man as he feebly moved on his way. "You ruined me," she shrieked in a voice that seemed only half human and she clenched her fist against her enemy. "You ruined me, you broke up my home, you took my children and left me in the gutter to die like a dog. I was happy before you came. I had a home that was a paradise, and my children gathered at my knee to say their prayers and smiled upon me, proud to call me mother. My husband loved me and was watchful to my every need and desire. All the world was full of sunshine and happiness and love till you came. You brought the drug which wrecked my life and left me the wretched creature that I am. A curse be on you for your evil deeds; may you never know another hour of happiness." In the rush and hurry of the throng the ribald woman was crowded out and another voice rang out like sweetest music on the air. I looked toward the speaker and beheld the most beautiful face I had ever seen. A young girl of not more than sixteen summers whose brow shone like the forehead of a babe and whose large brown eyes mirrored her unruffled soul, was following close beside the old man.

"Farewell, good friend," she was saying,

"you kept me pure and sweet and holy. You showed me the road that Mary trod; you pointed out the fickleness of earthly friends; you helped me step by step along the path of virtue and goodness. I shall always remember you no matter how long you have departed." And taking the old man's long bony hand she kissed it and the tears glistened in her eyes.

We had now come to Convent Hill, and as the girl turned aside to mount the steep, a boy of about eighteen years of age cried out in the most vile cursing I had ever heard. His eyes were sunken in his head, and his cheekbones seemed almost protruding through the yellow skin that covered them. His voice was hoarse and hollow as though it had been exposed to the cold streets and the dampness of night, and he drew short, gasping breaths as he struggled in the crowd and sought to strike the old man. "I saw you come," he said; "I welcomed you because I thought you were what you seemed to be. You deceived me. I never dreamed such wickedness could be hidden under that smile. You led me little by little to the gates of hell where I am standing, and now I am too weak and wasted to go back." His frame shook convulsively as he poured out a volume of oaths and curses on the old man's head, and then I saw bright silver glitter in his hand, but he was grasped by two strong men and hurried away into the darkness.

As I turned again to look at the old man he was addressed by a sweet-faced old woman, whose smile seemed to light up the earth with new splendor. Her voice was weak but most inexpressively musical. "God bless you," she said, as the old man was about to pass out through the gate, "God bless you and keep you always. I have only a little while to linger and then I too shall go, but I shall always remember your guiding hand during these last days. You kept me true to my God and my family, and made my last days bright and happy. Good-bye again and God be with you." And then as the old man tottered out and the great bronze gates swung to behind him, a youth with flaxen curls and large blue eyes tripped softly in through another gate and the people raising up their voices cheered lustily. From the heart of town the sound of unseen silver filled the air, the blast of trumpets sounded sharply and I recognized the youngest child of time whom the people were saluting—the little New Year.

Yesterday.

DEEP in my heart to-night fond mem'ries dwell;
Faint from the chasm of the past they swell,
Till all my soul floods full in sympathy
With by-gone days and things I loved so well.

Through Fancy's glass, the past, a fairy maze
Of happy dreams and pleasant lighted ways
Seems all of joy and youth and happiness.
No sorrows ever blight our yesterdays.

We never think that then was sadness too;
The skies of years ago are ever blue.

Their radiant suns light all the years between
They see no cares and only joy renew.

Andrew L. McDonough.

"Adeste, Fideles."

BY MARK L. DUNCAN.

THE Spirit of Christmas is present and the whole Christian world is become the scene of beauty and love and inspiration. It is Christmas Eve in the little Swiss village. The villagers are congregating in the streets and the Spirit of Christmas is upon each one. It directs their every light step; it creates a feeling of goodwill; it tears away the lines from saddened and haggard faces; it displaces sorrow with cheer; it makes the hearts beat with a throb that betokens love and peace for everybody and everything. The gladsome throng presses merrily down the narrow streets. High, high above stretches the mass of mountain evergreens, capped with their snowy whiteness. And the moon casts its silvery gleam over the mountain pass. The moonbeams play upon the faces of this crowd of the Christmas Eve.

The people wend their way toward the village court in the open; and there behold the object of their joy—the village Christmas tree. In its majestic glory it stands alone, reflecting the pride of the great forest from whence it came. From its staunch base to its very top it is perfectly shaped. For years and years the court has seen this happy throng; for years and years the giant tree; for years and years the Spirit of Christmastide. Little children tripping beside their parents, all smiling and happy; lovers with their sweethearts, arm in arm;

feeble matrons led by their stalwart sons; old men supported by their mountain-stocks. But the eyes of youth and the eyes of maturity gleam with the same love born of the true Christmas Spirit. The crowd gathers close about the tree; the merriment ceases; then all faces are raised to the pinnacle of the great tree and they behold the figure of the Christ Child. The Spirit is with them. And upon the cold, still, night air bursts forth the old, old carol—the multitude is singing “Adeste, Fideles”:

O come all ye faithful
Joyful and triumphant,
To Bethlehem hasten now with glad accord;
Come and behold Him,
Born the King of angels,
O come, let us adore Him!

CHORUS.

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord.

Sing chorus of angels,
Sing in exultation
Through Heaven's high arches be your praises
poured;

Now to our God be
Glory in the highest!
O come, let us adore Him!

Yea, Lord, we bless Thee,
Born for our salvation,
Jesus, forever be Thy name adored!
Word of the Father
Now in flesh appearing,
O come, let us adore Him!

On This Day.

ON this day hearts will know no bounds, oceans will melt into nothingness and space will be annihilated, and around the Christmas tree of our youth we shall gather and around the crib of our boyhood. Young hearts will beat the faster as they are gathered back to the bosom of the family; those in the midst of life will hasten home with joy and yearning, and even the old and feeble will totter back with silver locks and dim eyes to be children again for a day. And those far away in sorrow and mourning will lay aside their grief as they kneel by the crib of Bethlehem, and will breathe a fervent prayer which the angels of God will carry back to the old home and mothers.

Noel Long Ago.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

IN the faint twilight the interior of the old cathedral was lost in a world of shadows. Brave figures of the saints looked down from the high windows into the darkened nave. Lofty pillars, great, like tree trunks, rose from the pavement and vanished in the dimness of the vaulted ceiling. Before the altar, the sanctuary lamp glimmered out star-like in the shrouding dusk. At one side of the holy place stood the Crib, the figures hidden as yet from view by a hanging. Only a few people were scattered about the great nave. Near the main aisle were a middle-aged couple, burghers they were, waiting calmly, yet expectantly for midnight. Far across the church near the shrine of Mary, the members of a guild were gathering, while here half-hidden in the gloom, knelt a slender young knight, accompanied by his squire, who waited respectfully a few seats away. In the stalls on either side of the sanctuary, white-habited monks hovered about like angels guarding a shrine. Far up in the choir-loft the organist waited.

Then suddenly from afar off in the courtyard came the sound of children's voices:

Adeste Fideles
Laeti Triumphantes

The knight raised his head and listened intently for a moment, his heart beating wild, his young face alight.

Nearer and nearer they came, the silvery strain increasing in volume, louder and louder as the clear tones of a chanter struck out to the midnight:

Natum videte, Regem Angelorum
and the others joined in
Venite adoremus Dominum.

That song fulfilled the time. The still cathedral's air of waiting suddenly dissolved. Lights flashed forth on all sides. Countless tapers fluttered before Mary's shrine; the curtains were drawn back from the Crib, and a soft haze grew about the Divine Babe and the kneeling Shepherds. Christmas had come again. Mary and Joseph, the ox and the ass in the background—they were all there, even the little lambs that seemed to huddle close to the Crib as if knowing their Shepherd.

The Christmas Greeting.

ALL glory be to God on high
And on the earth be peace to men.
The angels with sweet voices sigh,
All glory be to God on high.
For by the star that lights the sky,
The babe is found by kings of men.
All glory be to God on high,
And on the earth be peace to men.

B. G.

The Evanescent Mr. Hawkins.

BY ARTHUR J. HAYES.

IT was late and the tote team was preparing to pull out. It had some thirty miles to negotiate ere morning, and Buck Terrill, foreman for the Diamond Hill Outfit's third camp at the headwaters of Rapid River, was impatient to be gone. The same philanthropy that impelled the Diamond Hill officials to pay eighteen dollars a month and board, for dawn to dusk labor at temperatures frequently colder than thirty below, had prompted them to ship out a consignment of turkeys, tobacco and fruits that would not be paid for at the commissary. Terrill's soul rejoiced at this munificence. He was not altruistic, but his influence had long been on the wane, and the assurance that he had "swung the deal" might elevate him in the estimation of some of the epicures at camp. So he cursed the dilatory tactics of Saginaw Hawkins in good round accents. Saginaw was not greatly perturbed. He had draped himself about a hitching post, and was gravely making a speech.

With a voice that tripped and gurgled, and a mittenend hand that described vagarious arcs in space, he was tendering his solemn assurance that the country was all right, had always been all right, and, with his guidance in the future, might be expected to continue all right, indefinitely. His audience, consisting of a small boy and a collie dog, did not seem to be aware that he was directing his remarks toward them. "There ain'nuh yoose kickin'" he asseverated with profoundest conviction, "thish countrish 'all right, shall right alla time. 'M lookin' after it alla time. Can't go wrong nohow. So's no yoose kickin' 'tall. 'M doin' muh besh, can complain none, and

wish 'er wash a little besher—" At this critical juncture, Mr. Hawkins conceived the idea that the dog was smiling at him, and forthwith waxed highly indignant. He wished it made known to the cosmic universe, in no uncertain fashion, that his judgment was infallible, and his processes of ratiocination far beyond the vulgar grasp of the common herd. He hoped that he had not been contradicted, as he had grave reason to believe he had been, he explained painstakingly, but if such had been the case—

Benson, the sullen and saturnine, had put in an appearance; Foley, top loader par excellence and, by virtue of his position, privileged passenger, had ensconced himself in the sleigh, mellowed of accent, and rendered broadly "redolent" by certain potions that retailed for two bits per glass in that particular locality. Pete Nelson, who drove the rat-tailed buckskins, was impatient, and Terrill, mightily annoyed. They all looked fixedly at Hawkins, and commented upon his ancestral line back into the stone age, neglecting not a link in either branch. Then Terrill crawled out of the hay and bore down upon him, while Benson, Foley, and the driver, cheered in anticipation.

Hawkins was oblivious to the jeers and catcalls of his companions. He had accepted several hypothetical apologies and was discussing the present excellent condition of the country at greater length. The small boy had vanished, but the dog had a master in the Logger's Delight, and had to tarry in that vicinity. To the luckless canine accordingly, Mr. Hawkins confided the sacred truth that if there was anything wrong with the country, as he (Hawkins) had occasion to believe, that he (the collie) had basely insinuated, said circumstance had been perpetrated in his (Hawkins) absence, and was in nowise to be ascribed to his negligence. He was about to furnish signal and clinching proof of his innocence in the matter of the national perversion, when Terrill arrived.

That worthy did not remonstrate with the anchored orator. He merely tore him loose from the hitching post, dragged him sleighward by his mackinaw collar, and booted him into the hay-laden space in the rear. Down the single street they swept, past saloon and dance-hall, store and residence, and out into the gloom of the pines. Lights twinkled to the rear of them, as the sorrels swung briskly about the bend in the ridge that cut off all view of the town. It was the evening of the

twenty-fourth of December, and Terrill, who did not want a drunken crew on the twenty-sixth, had issued an edict of embargo, and kept some ninety lumberjacks out at camp while he and a select committee journeyed townward, to acquire some tangible evidences of that impending Yuletide cheer. The night was clear, as all real cold northern evenings invariably are and the boughs of the trees cracked frostily, with a volume of sound not unlike ragged infantry fire. Pale stars dotted a pale sky, and an indolent moon swung low and red over the black and ragged ever green tops to the eastward. Only the hissing of the steel-shod runners over snow as dry as sand broke the silence. Occasionally another sound would serve to emphasize the almost tangible noiselessness of the woods. Nelson might chirp at the team or Benson profanely affirm that it would be forty below before morning. The pale sky became darker, the stars brighter, and the red moon less vividly crimson.

Mile after mile they sped along the narrow road. Rabbits flitted back and forth across their path, owls hooted out of the black void on either side. Wolves barked and howled eerily, but, from the faintness of call, apparently miles away. The party was lulled by the song of the runners and the click-clack of hoofs, into a kind of drowsiness. Nelson thought of a flaxen-haired girl in Christiana, and hoped to spend the next Christmas with her. Benson ruminated upon a misspent life, and reflected that he might have smuggled some booze into his duffle bag. Terrill visualized a tiny boy out at camp who would crow with joy over the red fire engine and the pudgy horse with the painted wagon and the teddy bear with the jet eyes. Foley thought of his mother in Tipperary, and hoped that his Christmas offering would arrive in the "old sod" on time.

And thus in silent reverie time might have passed until they swung round the curve and into the chip-littered camp yard. "Might have" advisedly, for Fate, in close conjunction with Hawkins, had decided that such was not to be.

He had been persuaded by much punching and jostling to burrow under the hay, and preserve a golden and dearly purchased silence. But his saturated soul writhed within him. He felt keenly the aspersions of the collie. What right had that misguided creature to affirm that all was not well among us, when

no less a personage than Hawkins himself had maintained that the situation was all that could be desired? Mile after mile he brooded upon the ignominy of being vanquished on the subject of national welfare. He must, he would (and he did) frame a crushing retort. Accordingly the heaped-up hay erupted suddenly, and a rehabilitated Hawkins loomed forth. Hay supplied wig and mustache for the mackinawed Demosthenes. Stramineous pendants hung from his arms as he waved them in one grand gesture. Benson cursed and strove to haul him down by the leg. Foley expressed open fears about the safety of his neck if he once lost his balance. Terrill commanded him to sit down, with sundry embellishments of futile profanity. But upon one and all, Hawkins turned a blearily benign countenance, waggled an uncertain paw, and repeatedly gave it forth as his unalterable conviction that "Thash wash all right."

And so he continued unmolested. Waving back and forth in the speeding sleigh, waving mittened hands in erratic curves and circles, achieving miracles of facial contortions, Mr. Hawkins challenged the collie, twenty miles back in Rapid City, to expressly affirm or deny that the country was "shall right, an' mush besher nor could be expected." Construing failure to reply as admission of defeat, Mr. Hawkins magnanimously forgave the absent canine for venturing to smile at him, and conferred as a special token of remission of guilt, full and free permission to smile thereafter when and wherever the spirit moved him.

They were then entering upon a long stretch of corduroy. The muskeg swamp stretched away for miles on either side, flat, and dreary, the surface dotted by darker patches where hummocks of moss broke through the ghostly white surface.

Hawkins, champion of the present state of national solidarity, and vanquisher of the collie, was taking violent exception to an impudent expression on the face of the moon. He wished the latter to explain at once when it had ever received permission to be there at all, let alone to cast any innuendo upon his oratory. He demanded an explanation.

Whether one would have been forthcoming; it were at this time difficult to state. For a cedar pole in the corduroy, displaced by some careless driver, earlier in the day, performed the brilliantly eccentric ceremony of "up-

ending." Mr. Hawkins vaulted abruptly moonward, as if to execute sundry sinister threats, and then precipitated himself upon Nelson, who acknowledged receipt of his person by falling out of the sleigh. The tautening of the reins swung the sorrels, rearing and plunging, into the swamp. The pole broke, the sleigh capsized, traces parted and the terrified team betook itself homeward. Nelson, hanging tenaciously to the ribbons, disappeared in a glory of powdered snow, in the wake of the sorrels. Terrill dug himself out of the moss hummock, and after a fervid prayer to the powers of darkness, awaited brimstone to blight and shrivel the erring Hawkins. Foley implored assistance for the purpose of removing the edge of the sleigh box from his neck. Benson clawed frantically at thirty turkeys that pinned him down, and by much kicking and scratching conveyed to the outside world the fact that he ardently desired to get from under the up-turned sleigh. Nelson, who had been last seen producing a shower effect in a snowbank, emerged spectre-like, to confess lugubriously that he simply couldn't continue with those blankety-blanked sorrel unmentionables!

After some time, somebody thought of Hawkins. One and all expressed an abiding conviction that he had broken his dam fool neck, punctuating the observation with brief annotations of fervent malice and the ardent hope that they were not mistaken. Despite sprains and bruises, they righted the sleigh. There indeed lay Benson, but no crushed and mangled Hawkins met their straining eyes. They searched on both sides of the road. They demolished the drift that had received Nelson to its bosom. They hallooed until hoarse. But no challenger of the moon hove in view. Fear settled upon them. It was positively uncanny. Terrill even began to wonder affrightedly, if the infernal powers had indeed made away with him. Wolves howled continually, much closer this time and the little gathering shifted uneasily, and fingered the butts of rifles and revolvers. They could not leave the haunted spot. Common humanity demanded that they protect Hawkins' absent corpse, if dead, and wounded person, if alive. It was suggested that fatally injured he had crawled away to die, though "where in tarnation" he could have crawled to, was matter of much profane conjecture.

Accordingly, a fire was kindled, and all huddled about the snapping embers. Foley recalled the good qualities of the evanescent Hawkins, and others agreed in husky tones, that he was after all but one degree removed from saintship. At that monient sleigh bells broke upon their ear. Jack Constantine, homesteader and scaler for the Diamond Hill Outfit hove into view. He drove a raw-boned roan, and led the sorrels. "Breezed into my place about two this mornin'," he explained, "plumb hell bent fer election." The group remained grim and silent. Terrill strove with stiff lips to speak. Constantine awoke to the fact that further explanations were desired. "The driver's clo'es are sure frazzled, but he aint hurt to speak of. Too full, I guess." He turned to the awe-stricken foreman, "I shouldn't a' thought you'd let a drunk drive, Buck." He could not comprehend the silence, nor the queer expressions that wreathed the features of the wrecked party. "Funny how the lines was wrapped aroun' his leg," he continued. "They like to a' cut his boot off, an' his duds were more ice nor anythin', but Hawkins hisself weren't hurt a darn." "Hawkins!" shrieked an agonized chorus. "Why, sure" rejoined Constantine, "an' he's full of Three Star an' turkey at my place this minnit."

And there it was that a great light broke upon the rescuers. Of course it afforded them some satisfaction to witness the contrition of the wanderer. Swathed in a horse-blanket, much battered of countenance, but unshaken in soul, he sat up in the bunk to bid them welcome. In his right hand was a sadly depleted bottle of brandy. In his left he clutched a "drumstick." He waved it in recognition of the half-frozen group that staggered in. "Merry Christimus" he greeted them. "Besh 'ol country there ish," he added, waving the turkey leg and bestowing a kindly glance about the room. "Doin' all I can to shave a country," he continued. "Besh whazzer is. Thash all right."

A Christmas Thought.

AT Bethlehem was born
For us a little Child,
So early in the morn.
At Bethlehem was born,
He whom our sins have torn
And wicked tongues reviled.
At Bethlehem was born
For us a little Child.

B. B.

Football Review.

After all the excitement of the past three months, after existing in an atmosphere where the latest dope was served with the hot buns every morning at breakfast, and where the evening meal was just the beginning of the discussion on "how the team went to-day"—after alternate periods of eager hope and black depression that followed the various games, it seems a rather tame and thankless task to review a season on paper that has been lived through so intensely. Every man at the University has a well-defined series of mental "movies" depicting the practice scrimmages and big games that made up the season, but just as we may know all the component parts of a big panorama as it unrolls before our eyes, yet it is always best to stand afar off and, from the proper perspective, get a view of what the whole looks like. So with the past season. It is over now, and with it are gone the flashes of feeling born of the moment; with the happy Christmas days ahead to put the importance of football in its relative position, and the knowledge that there is a great deal of sane and logical exposition to be handed out when we meet "the other fellows" in the next few weeks, we can take a good calm look at the Notre Dame season of 1914, and pack away a few happy thoughts for future reference.

It was a season of ups and downs, though after November 7th, the ups shot right skyward to a grand finale on Thanksgiving Day. The downs were only two in number but they were hard bumps. The first was such a crash that it squeezed flat every pocket book in the University. Every loyal Notre Dame man will swear there was a total eclipse of the sun between 2:30 and 4:30 P. M., October 17, 1914.

But this is no way to begin—we must commence at the start. Said start was about the tenth of September, when trains from East and West began to convey Coach Harper's cohorts of former years to the mobilization camp at Cartier Field—which the Canadian government has plagiarized into Val Cartier,

by the way. Most of them had put in a summer of hard work as every man knew what the season had in store, but after a week of strenuous practice, all were willing to grant that the summer had been an idle dream—they knew that the European campaigns held no hardships for them. By the time the greenest Freshman knew Eichenlaub, Willie Case and Pete Yerns, and the Seniors had heard the bloodthirsty feelings of their brothers, Hayes and Schuster, toward poor Mexico, the squad was settling down to business. With twelve of the monogram men back, Coach Harper

had a splendid nucleus to build on. Fitzgerald, Elward, Keefe, Jones and Lathrop in the line, and Eich, Pliska, Duggan, Finegan, Berger, Kelleher, and Larkin in the backfield, were all on the job, and working hard. With them were Cofall and Bachman, stars of the '13 Freshman, and a good reserve of valuable men to draw from for substitutes. Fighting the regulars for berths, were Mills, Ward, Holmes, Baujan, Stephan, King, Welch, H. O'Donnell, Miller, Roach, Daly, Thorpe, Sharp, Bush, Odam, Grady, Beh, C. O'Donnell, Voelkers, and Kowalski. Gradually the men rounded into shape, and gradually a fast team was built up, with Fitzgerald at centre, Keefe and Bachman at guard, Capt. Jones and Lathrop at tackle, Mills and Elward at the wings, Cofall at quarter, Finegan and Pliska at halves and Eich at full. This was the lineup—with the exception of Jones who was out with injuries—that was picked to meet Alma in the first game of the season.

As had been expected, Alma was downed in good style by a 56-0 score. Old-fashioned football was resorted to almost entirely, and for the first game, the team went well. Bergman, who had just arrived at school three days before, played quarter the last few moments, and presaged his wonderful work in the later contests by several quick dashes through the Michigan boys. Cofall played a fine game at quarter, and the rest of the backs played in good style.

The next week of strenuous practice was



COACH HARPER.

marred by the most costly accident of the season—Eich strained a tendon of his leg in practice, but the injury was not thought severe enough to keep him out of the Rose Poly game. The score of the latter contest was 103 to 0, indicates with sufficient accuracy what kind of a game it was. The Gold and Blue had made great improvement during the preceding week, and its interference was perfected to a greater extent than seemed possible at such an early date. To the more experienced observers, however, the line seemed to be still lacking in team play.

Then came the preparations of the first big game. Yale was feared as a strong opponent; but so great was the confidence of the student body that anyone who had his doubts about the outcome, kept them to himself to prevent ridicule. Injuries to Bachman, Lathrop and Jones, and Eich's bad leg were great handicaps; but no one seemed to realize that having these men out of the game for nearly the entire practice season made machine-like team work practically impossible. When the squad left for Yale it carried the brightest hopes of the students.

It is no use drawing a curtain over what followed—the Elis, with the aid of a wet, heavy field, all the breaks of luck, and their own better team work and generalship, chalked up 28 points, while the whistle at the end of each half, with Notre Dame's ball on Yales' two and three-yard line, respectively, robbed the Gold and Blue of at least twelve points. Capt. Jones' men fought splendidly, and individually were easily the equal of thier opponents, but they had not the advantage of the united team work and hard practice games of the latter. And though Eastern critics were uniformly severe in pointing out the defects of the Gold and Blue, they all spoke in terms of liveliest admiration of the pluck and grit displayed by the men, who, "when all was lost save honor," drove back their opponents in a savage attack that was stopped by the whistle, almost on the very goal line of the Blue. That the whole school, faculty and students, appreciated the work of the team was evident when, on the following Monday afternoon, Notre Dame was deserted and the team got off at the Lake

Shore depot to the music of a thousand cheering voices.

With a hard game against South Dakota looming directly ahead, Coach Harper allowed his men no rest. The Yale game had shown weak spots that needed strengthening, and three days of the most strenuous practice were gone through before the squad left for South Dakota. The backfield presented a new alignment, owing to injuries and experiments. Bergman played quarter, Finegan went to full, and Cofall and Larkin took care of the halves. The Coyotes were snowed under 33-0, being unable to cope with the varied attack of the invaders, and especially the rabbit-like dashes of the diminutive Bergman.

Then came the inevitable slump. The men had been going at top speed since September, and when the Haskell game came there was very little "pep" left. The Indians put up a hard, stubborn, resistance, and might have won had they been able to stop Notre Dame's All-Western quarterback who streaked through their line and around the ends for three touchdowns.

When the Army game rolled around a week later the men were just getting back into fighting trim. Two of the stars who had a great share in Notre Dame's victory the previous year, Eichenlaub and Finegan, were unable to play, and this fact, coupled with two costly fumbles, gave

the Army victory, 20-7. Notre Dame's score came in the third quarter when they fairly ripped their opponents to shreds. In the last quarter, the soldiers were held for four downs inside the Notre Dame five-yard line. Duggan, Cofall and Pliska time and again made long gains through the line and around the ends. The work of the line was the best of the year—the men played together and in the second half held like a rock.

AND THEN—CARLISLE.

When four hundred of the Notre Dame students and 12,000 Chicagoans thronged into Comiskey Park on last October 14th, they little knew the wonderful exhibition of football that lay ahead of them. A seemingly



ASST. COACH ROCKNE

regenerated Notre Dame team smeared the Indians so badly that ten years of their past history doesn't show another defeat like it. With Eich back in the game again, and determined to show that he had lost none of the ability of former years, with the whole team in fine physical shape and playing as they had not played during the whole season, almost better than their best, the Redmen never had a chance. Their line was shattered, their wings turned and their defence simply demoralized by a succession of terrible drives by the redoubtable Eich, wonderfully spectacular rushes by Cofall and Kelleher, and long twisting, dodging runs by the little speed marvel at quarterback. Forward passes were used with great effect, "Mal" Elyard gathering in several beautiful long heaves. The line men completely outplayed their opponents, Calac being the only Indian to gain. Altogether it was the finest exhibition of football seen in the West this year, and the 48-6 score will go down in Notre Dame history.

After this contest King Winter gave the men an enforced rest—two feet of snow isn't conducive to good football. The gym was utilized, however, and when, after ten days' time, the Gold and Blue took the field against the conquerors of Michigan, it was with a confident hope in the result. This confidence was not misplaced. The Saltines were unable to check the ravages of the Notre Dame backs led by Eichenlaub, who played what was perhaps the greatest game of his career. Cofall, Bergman, and Kelleher again starred on long runs, while the Notre Dame ends, Mills and Elyard, checked most of the Orange attempts in that direction. The line played a remarkable game, holding their opponents safe at all times, and holding them for downs on the two-yard line, at the very end of the game. It was a fitting finale to what was on the whole, with fair consideration of all the adverse circumstances, a successful season.

The season is over, the games are past, the scores are a matter of history, but the memory of the men who in victory and in defeat always gave the best they could, will not pass. Because of her two defeats, Western critics in picking their mythical All-Western team, have been chary of choosing men from Notre Dame. Some, with the Conference always in their eyes, have selected teams made up almost entirely of Conference players. In the classic

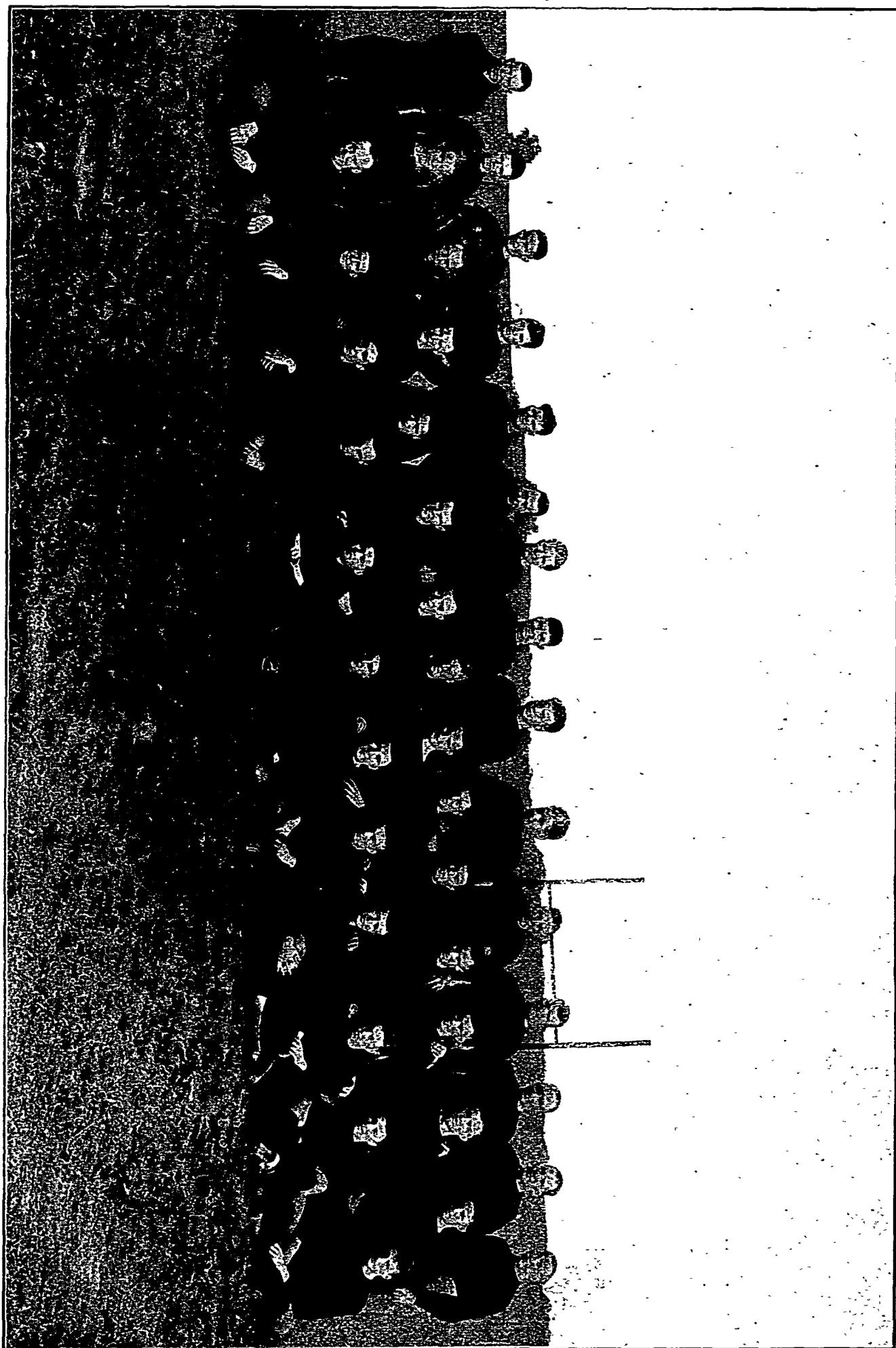
words of comedy, "It is to laugh." We should watch with great interest, and even greater amusement, a Conference team going through the schedule that faced Notre Dame this year. Notre Dame, Michigan, the Aggies, Nebraska—not in the class of the Conference? Ask an unprejudiced follower of Western sport—he may agree that they're not—he puts them on a higher plane.

And yet, some Notre Dame men have been so good that they could not be passed up under any circumstances. Eckersall, the dean of the Western critics, has placed Bergman on his All-Western team, and explained that the only reason Eich was not given the full-back position was his absence from the game the greater part of the season. Charlie Bachman, the giant guard who has made such a splendid showing all through the year, has been awarded a position on the second All-Western. On the All-State teams, Notre Dame has fared better. The critic of the Indianapolis *News* has put five Notre Dame men on his first team, while the sporting editor of the *Star* includes seven wearers of the Gold and Blue in his premier lineup and five on the second.

This review of the season would not be complete without a proper tribute to the substitutes. These men, who spend just as much time, who work just as hard, and who receive all the hard knocks that a regular gets, with little of his glory, are at the basis of every successful season. According as they give the regulars a hard tussle every day, the latter are that much better fitted for the crucial contests. They have worked untiringly, willingly doing as much as they could that Notre Dame might profit, and their praise should have no stint.

To the men who coached the team we owe the highest measure of thanks. Coach Harper this year gave Notre Dame a schedule second to none in the country; he worked untiringly to produce the best results, and these results speak for him. He had a tremendous amount of work on his shoulders and to the students and those who know him, his ability needs no remark.

In Rockne, Coach Harper had an assistant than whom no better could be found anywhere in the country. "Rock," himself one of the best men who ever donned the canvas, is not only a fine coach in a technical sense, he has a power of personal magnetism that attracts



The 1914 VARSITY SQUAD.

his men and makes them willingly do their best. Before the first game, Notre Dame looked up against it at the wing positions—Elward was very light, and there was a big hole at the other end. But in the Syracuse game the ends played in such a way as to show the results of a season of "Rock's" truly remarkable coaching. One more thing about "Rock," though he may not be aware of it, he is about the finest satirical humorist at Notre Dame—an afternoon on the sidelines, with Rockne putting the line men through a hard drill, is easily worth three performances at the Orpheum.

Nineteen-fourteen is past, but Notre Dame will long remember the men who made it successful, the men who, even in defeat, stood out as among the finest examples of her fighting spirit Notre Dame has ever had.

The Football Men of '14.

The men who answered Coach Harper's call for candidates for the football team last September comprised one of the finest squads that has ever assembled on Cartier Field. The men reported in splendid physical condition; they were ready to undertake the hardest schedule ever prepared for a Notre Dame team. Yet scarce a single man of this splendid squad was able to go through the season without an injury. This fact, perhaps more than any other, shows how great a sacrifice the men made for the success of our team. Many of them started games when they should have been in the hospital, and they expressed the spirit of the entire team. Notre Dame has always had a team of "fighters," and she never had men who fought better than this year's warriors. They were defeated, it is true; but they never quit. The spirit shown by each individual on the team makes him worth a volume of praise but we can give only a brief mention to each of the men of '14.

KEITH K. JONES, Captain, Tackle.

To "Deak" was given the honor of leading the Notre Dame team this year and at all times he showed the true spirit of a leader. Jones was forced out of the game at the start of the season by injuries and he, like Eichenlaub, went into the Yale game with scarce any real preparation. "Deak's" hands, which had always been his most valuable asset in

a football game, were almost useless throughout the season. Yet this did not deter the plucky captain. He started every important game although he knew that the result might be permanent injuries to himself. He was always fighting, always urging, his men on, always giving the best there was in him. In the plucky stands that our men made on the one-yard line at West Point and at Syracuse, no one was more active than Jones. He, like Captain Rockne of last year, starred at the open game. In almost every game "Deak" received one or more passes and in the Carlisle game he brought the crowd to its feet by grabbing off long passes on no less than four occasions. Jones has finished his football career and we can wish him nothing better than that his life may be as successful as his activities for Notre Dame have been.

RAYMOND J. EICHENLAUB, Fullback.

There was an almost pathetic element about Eichenlaub's last days on the gridiron. He had twice been chosen all-Western fullback; last year even Camp recognized his ability by ranking him second only to Brickley. This year, with Brickley out of the game, "Eich" seemed sure of the honor which his ability deserved—All-American fullback; but fate was against him. He was injured in practice and was able to play only a single quarter before the Yale game. At New Haven, his injured knee gave way at the very start of the game, but he played throughout the first half, unwilling to leave the game. It was "Eich's" spectacular fifty-yard dash that started Notre Dame's rally at the close of the first half of the Yale game and that sprint was only an indication of what "Eich" might have done had he been fit. A long rest put the big "Dutchman" in condition and against Carlisle and Syracuse he played better than ever before. Playing in the line on defense and at fullback on offense, he was easily the greatest star of these last games. His absence from the game prevented "Eich" from securing the honors he deserved, but in the hearts of Notre Dame fans, he lives with Salmon and Miller, as one of the three greatest fullbacks of all time—and in the minds of many, he is the greatest of the three.

CHARLES T. FINEGAN, Halfback.

Finegan is still another of Notre Dame's best men who was handicapped by injuries. Finegan was not able to work the Alma game

who carried the ball into the shadow of the West Point goal just before Notre Dame made her only touchdown. Everyone sincerely regrets that Duggan cannot return next year for as first string fullback he would undoubtedly gain recognition throughout the football world.

WILLIAM A. KELLEHER, Halfback.

For the first time since his freshman year, Kelleher was able to show his real ability on the gridiron. For two previous seasons, injuries had made him inactive, but this year he reported in good physical condition and he made a successful bid to regain the position he held in 1911. The wealth of halfbacks at the beginning of the year made the outlook discouraging for "Bill" but the little "Irishman" showed his fight and he simply couldn't be held back. His pluck finally won and he was in the regular line-up for the last three weeks of the season. He played well at West Point, at Chicago and at Syracuse. In the latter game, his defense work was one of the features of the contest; in fact Kelleher and Cofall were of inestimable worth as defensive halfbacks in every game. Kelleher will not return and in losing him, Notre Dame loses 155 pounds of real Irish fighting spirit.

ALVIN BERGER, Halfback.

"Heine" is a football player to whom Notre Dame owes a great deal. He has faithfully served the Gold and Blue for four years and he has served just as faithfully in defeat as in victory. It is useless to again enumerate Berger's abilities for we have lauded him time and again during the past four years. His admirers believe that he might have been used more often this year; but perhaps Coach Harper is saving the "Dutchman's" good right arm for the baseball season. "Heine" was a wonder in practice this year and whenever he got into the game, he proved the same old "Heine" of '11 and '12. He was always good for a gain; he often tackled the enemy for a loss. He was especially good at furnishing interference. "Heine" leaves us this year but his athletic achievements are indelibly impressed on the minds of all true Notre Dame men. He will carry into life's battles the fighting spirit of an N. D. athlete and he is destined for such success upon life's gridiron as he has experienced while striving for his Alma Mater.

STANLEY B. COFALL, Halfback

September, 1913 was an unusually lucky month for Notre Dame for it was then that "Stan" arrived. He soon became the cynosure of all eyes and even before he donned his moleskins, the unanimous opinion of all the fans was "There is a valuable man." The fans were not mistaken. Cofall became captain of Notre Dame's first Freshman team. He was the most feared man in interhall. Under the coaching of Father Quinlan, he developed swiftly, and soon became known as the Sorin team. This year Cofall joined the Varsity squad. Before Bergman reported he was used at quarterback, but as soon as the little "Dutchman" began to show his form as a general, Cofall was shifted back to his natural position halfback. The young Clevelander possesses a stature, face and personality that make him an ideal athlete. He has great speed; he is a brilliant open field runner and a consistent line-plunger. His trusty toe is always good for a fifty yard punt or a long field goal. As a defensive back, Cofall had not a superior in the world; and above all he never quits fighting. He is the only one of our many brilliant backs who started every game this year and he was easily the leading scorer accounting for 86 of the total of 228 points. The best part of this whole account is that Cofall is only beginning his career. He has two more years to play for Notre Dame. We know those years will be filled with glory for Cofall and we hope that as a culmination of his efforts, he may be crowned with an all-American wreath.

RALPH G. LATHROP, Tackle.

Lathrop displayed the same consistent fighting ability that characterized his work last year. He knew his part in every play and he executed it well. He charged with a drive that opened gaping holes in an opponent's line. His tackles were sure and hard and time after time he dropped halfbacks before they could get started. "Zipper" was the lightest man on the line between the ends but he was also one of the best. On the defense he held like the traditional stone wall. His speed enabled him to cover more ground than the ordinary tackle does. "Lath" was not always in the best of condition as he was the victim of several injuries but he played in all the important games, doing his best work in the face of defeat.

Lathrop has another year to play and we hope to see him back.

CHARLES W. BACHMAN, Guard.

Along with Cofall, there came to Notre Dame in September, 1913, a giant from Chicago. The giant was Bachman, and he too became a member of our first Freshman team and an interhall star. He played fullback for the "Freshies" and tackle for Corby. He was originally a backfield man but the able coaching of Father Farley soon made him an efficient lineman. This year he was chosen to fill the position on the Varsity line left vacant when Fitzgerald was moved from guard to centre. "Bach" is a man of powerful stature and yet with the agility of a cat. In a game he is everywhere, smashing plays, downing runners in the open and producing breaches of enormous width in the opponent's line. He is a sure tackler and hits low and hard. In short, "Bach" was a priceless asset to the team. At Yale he played Talbott, the all-American tackle off his feet and swept everything before him; and he never slowed up in the later games. He easily captured all-State honors and should, we believe, have been selected for the all-Western. However, "Bach" is to return to win new and greater laurels in '15 and '16.

FREMONT FITZGERALD, Centre.

After two successful seasons at guard, Fitzgerald was shifted to centre to fill the hole made by Feeney's absence. "Fitz" played centre at Columbia Prep School and this experience stood him in good stead this year. He played just as effectively in his new position as he had in his old one. His passing was perfect and his accuracy was of great value to the team. The big Oregonian was especially prominent in the interference, being able to get in front of the runner in a way which few centres can duplicate. "Fitz" starred in the Carlisle game, breaking through the line and making many deadly tackles. His consistent work won him the pivot position on the all-State team. Next year will be "Fitz's" last one on the team and his selection as captain of the 1915 team was a happy one. He should prove a popular and a capable leader and we wish him all success.

EMMETT KEEFE, Guard.

Keefe again filled his position at guard

and he did it wonderfully well. He was handicapped at times by injuries but whenever he was able to be on the field he was the same quiet, dependable, trusty Keefe. A more deserving man never wore an N. D. He has ability and he has spirit. He is not afraid to work and he shows the results of plugging. Last year he was tutored by Edwards, and this year by Rockne; and under the able guidance of these men he has constantly grown better until he is a finished guard. There is nothing spectacular about Keefe's work; yet seldom does a man go through his position and he has the happy faculty of being where he is most needed. Most admirable, perhaps, of all Keefe's excellent qualities, is his modesty. If consistency and grit count for anything, Keefe's name will long be remembered at Notre Dame. He has one more year to play and we will welcome him back.

RUPERT F. MILLS, End.

The ever popular "Rupe" added football to his list of sports this fall and became a first string end. He was not an experienced man and hence was the daily pupil of Coach Rockne. By the middle of the season, Mills had mastered the fine points of end play and had learned to use his strength to the best advantage. He played an unusually brilliant game against the Army and he kept up his good work against Carlisle and Syracuse. "Rupe's" height and his basketball experience made him a valuable man in the open game and he was often the target of long passes from Bergman and Cofall. Mills has another year to play but he has not yet decided to return. In case he comes back, this year's experience should make him a candidate for high honors.

ARTHUR B. LARKIN, Halfback, Quarterback.

"Bunny" was again kept out of a regular berth by the wealth of backfield material. He displayed greater ability this year than ever before and he was used in all of the important games. He was used at half in the Yale and South Dakota contests. After the latter contest he was shifted to quarter and proved an efficient understudy for Bergman. Larkin displayed all the qualities of a field general, running plays off rapidly and mixing them well. He starred against Carlisle and Syracuse, his forward passing in the former game being the best of the year. Larkin is a versatile man,

a speedy open field runner, a good line plunger and a strong defensive man. He has another year to play and bids fair to come into his own next year as Bergman's successor at quarter.

HARRY C. BAUJAN, End.

For four years, Baujan has been regarded as one of the best ends in interhall. He did his prep work at Notre Dame and is in every sense a Notre Dame man. This is one reason why we are proud of Harry; another is that he is a real football player. He was battling hard for a regular job throughout the season and started two important games. He always played well when called upon. He is built well for his position and he, like Mills, developed swiftly under the coaching of Rockne. Baujan starred in the South Dakota combat, grabbing off numerous passes for a touchdown. He played another brilliant game against Haskell, his open field tackles being one of the features of the contest. Harry is a close student of the game and has, we believe, two brilliant seasons yet before him.

LEO J. STEPHAN, Guard.

At the beginning of the 1913 season, "Steve" had grown to such a degree of corpulency that he thought it best to indulge in some sort of weight-reducing exercise. Interhall football was the means chosen. The plan worked so well last season that again, this year, "Steve" followed it out; but this year the Varsity benefited by his activities. Those who thought Stephan could do nothing save reduce his weight, were soon disillusioned; for he forced men with great reputations to sit on the bench while he was filling a guard's position. The best of his record is that the lighter Steve grew the more efficient his playing became. He took his work seriously and he did it well. Rockne developed Stephan splendidly and near the close of the season it was no uncommon sight to see the popular guard from the "alley" resisting the force of four or five opponents without yielding an inch. This is Steve's first year of football. We are glad to see him win his monogram and we hope to see him a regular linesman next year.

GEORGE N. HOLMES, Tackle.

Last but not least among the monogram men comes "Ducky" Holmes. "Ducky" came to us last year from Nebraska. He filled a

tackle's position on the freshman team and played interhall with Brownson, winning a place on the all-Hall team. This season "Ducky" did football service on the Varsity. He fought hard in every practice, he made the most important trips, and he won a monogram by playing a hard game against Haskell. Those who saw Holmes bowl over the redskins on Cartier Field are confident that he can fill a linesman's position on any team in the country. The presence of such stars as Lathrop and Jones kept "Ducky" on the bench most of the time but he will return for two more seasons and will have a chance to win a regular berth.

THE RESERVES.

Lack of space prevents us from doing justice to the men who worked with the team all year but were not fortunate enough to win monograms. Yet their work deserves great praise for they took the kicks and cuffs of the Varsity all year without sharing in the actual glory of conflict. Theirs was no small part in developing the team. Of these men, Hugh O'Donnell, centre, Gilbert Ward, guard, Art Sharp, tackle, Hollis King, end and Voelkers, guard, were taken on some of the trips. O'Donnell made every trip and was used against Carlisle and South Dakota. Every fan knew that Hugh could fill "Fitz's" place whenever it became necessary but it was seldom necessary. We hope to see O'Donnell win a monogram next year. Sharp and Ward worked in the line and were of about equal merit. Each was used a number of times and both will return next year to try to fill regular positions. Voelkers showed well in the early part of the year and made the Yale trip. He was not given a chance in the latter part of the season. King played both tackle and end, although the latter is his natural position. He made the Yale and South Dakota trips. Odam and Beh did good work in the line.

Behind the line, nine men won monograms and substitutes were given little chance. John Miller showed fine promise at fullback and will be a likely candidate for that position next year. Miller scored two touchdowns against Rose Poly. George Kowalski worked at half all year but a new man had little chance among our many star halfbacks. To every man who was on the squad we extend our thanks and our best wishes for future success.

The Game of Life.

THEY came upon life's football field,
They were a varied crowd,
The bleachers of the world were filled,
The cheers were long and loud;
And all were there, the foul and fair,
The humble and the proud.

The referee lined up the men.
The tackles and the guards,
The linesman with his telling tape
Was quick to count the yards,
And vict'ry old was there with gold
For prizes and awards.

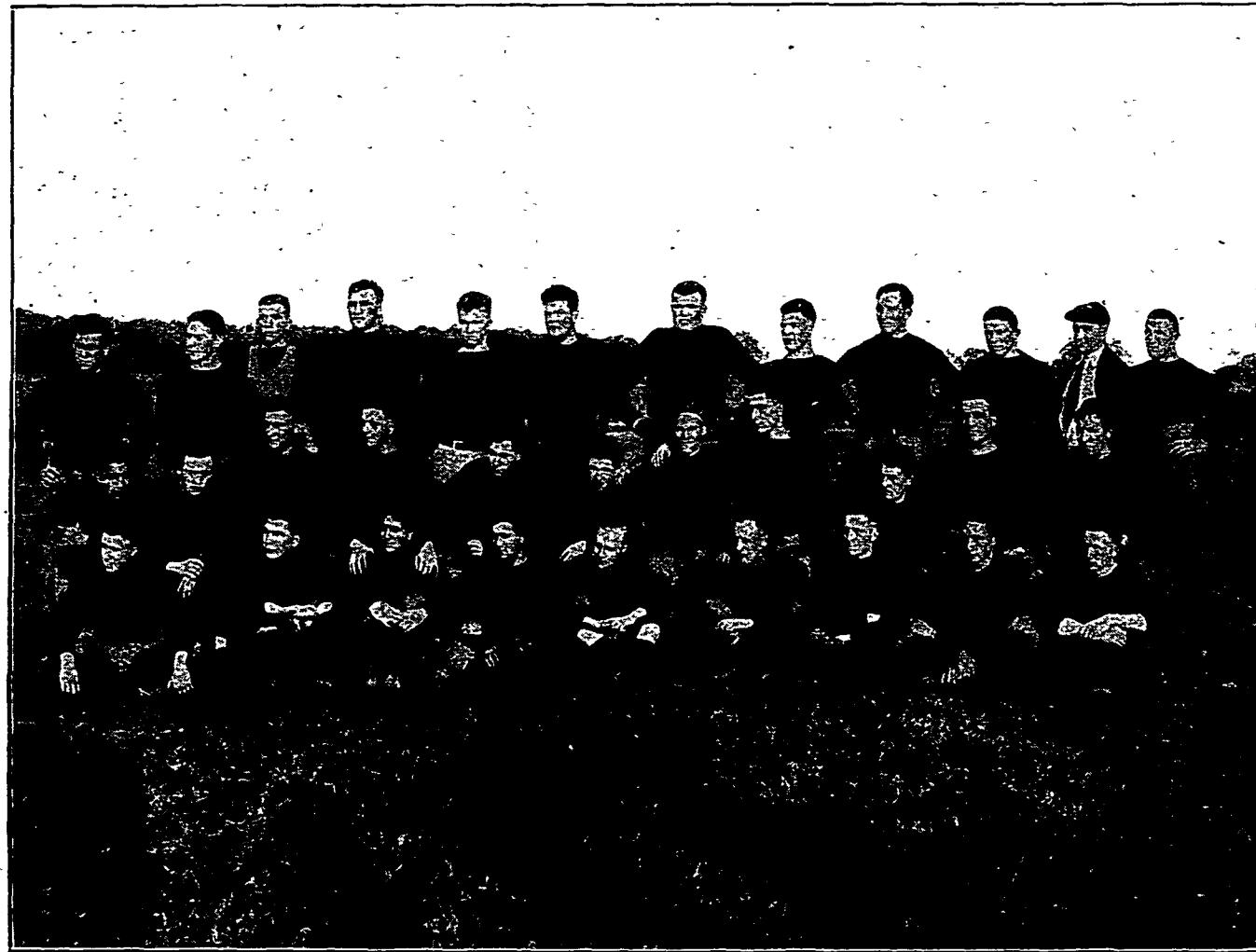
The whistle blew and at the crash
Some stood and others reeled,
The weakest men all bruised and torn
Were carried from the field.
And in the test only the best
Refused their ground to yield.

Oft did a player free himself
From all who stood around,
And start for the long-hoped-for goal
With a most ardent bound.
But diving low a watchful foe
Would bring him to the ground.

And so the game went on until
From out the crowd there came
A man who wore the gold and blue
Of loyal Notre Dame,
And as he dashed, his N. D. flashed
And sparkled like a flame.

The people in the stand arose,
It was a sight to see;
I heard a group of rooters give
A rousing U. N. D.,
And as it died, it echoed wide
A cry of victory.

T. Hanner.



FRESHMEN TEAM.

Freshman Football.

If you are downhearted when you think of next year's football prospects, it is because you are facing the wrong way. Don't look at the men who are graduating but turn around and look at the bunch that is coming in—that Freshman Team—and if you don't smile in contentment it is because you have eaten

supper out at school and not because of the football outlook.

We have Callahan, Miller, Whalen, Malone, Wolfe, Ryan and McInerny to head the list, with some more good men right behind them, who after the year's work under Coaches Gargen and Henehan are ready to jump in and make a lively fight for regular positions on the Varsity next year.

This year's team, according to able men who saw them work, could have defeated any secondary college team in the country, and was far better than any freshman team any of these men saw in action. They defeated Culver 12 to 0 in their only outside game and in the scrimmages with the Varsity, which averaged three times a week, the upper class men never scored over 20 points. One night, with the aid of Rockne, the Freshies piled up 24 points on the Varsity, which is no easy task.

The men are all good fighters and are full of "pep," especially Walter Miller who gives a war cry when running interference or carrying the ball. The fight displayed by the men was phenomenal, for getting run over by Eich and Bachman and others, day after day during the whole season would be about enough to take the spirit out of any good army; but the freshies stood it and seemed to like it, for the only men to quit were the injured ones who couldn't help it. A large number of men were on hand every day and all deserve all the praise in the world.

At the Ends Ryan and Wolfe did the heaviest part of the work, and showed Varsity form; the other men alternating with them were, Cook, Spalding, and Whipple.

At Tackles, McInerny and Ryan were the regulars with Rauth, De Gree and Dixon for utility.

At Guards, Jones and Franz, held the positions aided by Ellis and Ahearn as substitutes.

At Centre were three good men, the best of whom was Callahan, a truly wonderful lineman who will undoubtedly have a Varsity line position next year. When "Cal" was hurt Hoffman filled in well with McMann helping him out.

The Quarterbacks were Mathews and Joe Dorais, both good men, but there was another man, Phelan, who was hurt at the first of the season who will give them a fight for the Varsity pivot position in 1915.

At the Halves there were three brilliant men, Miller, Whalen and Malone, but Jones, Fitzgerald, and Slackford were not far behind them.

The regular fullback was a big Rydewski, one of the biggest of the giants on the team, and Lawbaugh worked as a sub.

The team was given a banquet and theatre party at the end of the season, and it was announced that twenty-three of the men would

be awarded jerseys with the class numerals. This is the custom of other schools using the three-year rule, but it is the first time this has been done at Notre Dame.

Games are hard to arrange for Freshman teams because they are too strong for high-schools teams and there is no glory for a secondary college team in playing them, so let us hope we can get games with other Freshman teams in the near future. This year the other teams must have seen our 1918 team in action, for though Coach Gargen tried everywhere from coast to coast, he could land only one game.

Louis Keifer.

The Inter-Hall Season.

While the Inter-Hall season of 1914 began under rather favorable auspices, it was not as satisfactory as it should have been. Owing to bad weather conditions it was impossible to complete the schedule which had been mapped out, and the silver trophy donated by Messrs. Calnon and Hull was not awarded.

It has been decided not to pick an all-Interhall team for the year because of the fact that there were not enough games played on which to base an opinion as to the relative merits of the various players. However, there were some men whose work was of an exceptional character throughout, and who look like promising material for the 1915 Varsity.

Jones of Brownson, Ryan of Corby, Callahan of Brownson, Phelan of Saint Joseph, Grady of Walsh, and Carmody and Culligan of Sorin were the stars of their respective teams.

Jones is without doubt one of the best guards developed of recent years in Interhall. His work was steady and consistent, and he seems to have acquired a great deal of the science which so distinguished his Varsity namesake. Callahan, the Brownson centre was an able teammate for Jones, and judging from his work this year, he will be a strong contender for Varsity honors next season. Cline of Brownson was a valuable man as were also Ellis, Malone and Rydewski.

St. Joseph had a number of good men, chief among whom were Phelan and Bartel. The former was probably the best quarterback in Interhall, while as for Bartel there is no necessity for comment. He was the main stay of the Saint's line, and played a hard, steady game on all occasions.

Corby's team was a leading contestant, rather owing to their machine-like playing than to individual effort. They had a number of exceptional men such as Bergman, Ryan, Daly, Whalen, Fitzgerald, and Corcoran, but the biggest factor of their work was their ability to play together and the excellent interference of their backfield. Ryan at end was the best man on the team. He played an exceptionally strong game at all times, his tackles were low and hard, and his way of smashing opposing interference featured every game he played in. If his ability in Interhall can be taken as a criterion, Ryan will have a good chance of landing a berth on the Varsity during the next few years.

Walsh did not live up to expectations this year, but the South Siders were badly handicapped from lack of material. Their showing was very poor in the first games, but in their last game against Brownson they put up an excellent exhibition, and they deserve credit for the fighting spirit which made them work just as hard in their last game after all hope for the championship was gone, as they did in the first. Grady, O'Neil, and Jones were her best men.

Sorin had one of the best teams of late years in Interhall football. Their work was featured by the sensational playing of Culligan and Carmody, but they had a well organized team as well as the individual stars. Other Sorin men who did good work were Franz, Mooney, Stack and Mathews.

The Student Vaudeville.

It is indubitable that we owe a monument, if not of bronze or onyx; then at least of gratitude and praise to Professor J. M. Riddle, who, with his cordon of efficient laborers, is responsible for the renaissance of that ancient and genial 'form' of entertainment—Student Vaudeville. Like another David Belasco, he has built up a superb performance, which, from the sleuth-songs of J. Pinkerton C., who dreamt he was making a touchdown, to the Carlisle—Notre Dame pictures which really did, was uniformly ludicrous. We haven't space to mention anything save the successful dancing of Eddie Mann, and the combination of dress-suits, ragtime, and acting which won such merited applause for Riley and Sexton.

Of course there was "Rupe" Mills' own pajama scene, Mike Carmody's "chewing-gum" and the instruments Manavio did not play. All in all it was a memorable success, even if Wildman and Kane were unavoidably restrained from telling the joke about the prodigal son.

Safety Valve.

ECHOES OF EXAMS.

"The origin of the drama was in the basement of a church."

"Shakespeare wrote 'Two Gentlemen of Peruna'."

"The guilds produced plays which were partly funny and partly good."

"The Anglo-Saxons were exposed to the fresh air. This made them war-like."

"Their form of verse was illiterate."

"Eight lines were iambic pentagon."

"They were surrounded in front by water and in the rear by wilderness."

"An early English writer, the Honorable Bede."

WITH APOLOGIES TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

It's easy to smile and be merry,

When life with enjoyment seems young,

But the man worth while, is the man who can smile

When he faces a supper of tongue. A. L. M.

THE FOOT AND MOUTH VAUDEVILLE.

(By the VALVE Reporter.)

Nine rabs for Steve Burns, the hero of the hour! Steve was accompanist for nearly every number in last Saturday night's vaudeville. We heard that program once only, and immediately sent in our application for an Iron Cross and a Nobel prize and had our name cancelled from the lists of the Prohibition Party. Steve heard those numbers day after day, and when last seen was still alive. No purse of gold was rammed into his mitt when the show was over, but when the world's last movie is unreeled and the horses drowned in the lake rise up and give us the laugh and the uncrowned heroes of time come in for their shining headgear, Steve's dome ought then to be lit up like Mishawaka on a frosty night. We're for you, Steve.

What is to be said of the performance itself? Perhaps the less said the safer.

Mr. Mann was a lady and laddie and broth of a boy all in one; easy and only choice for first honors. Mr. Riley and his accomplice earned their reward.

If a booby prize were given, it should have gone to the student audience. Their performance was easily the worst of the evening. Yet this is not to deny the more cheerful of the stage performers their fair share of odium, no, not by a damsite.

One historic question this night's perversion answered. We know now "where are the snows of yesteryear?" They are the slush of to-day.

It's a long, long way to Cecil Birder and farther still to George Lynch, but our memories are there.